MISS America

DECEMBER · 10

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MISS America

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HELLO, GIRLS:

WE RAN a full page announcement in the October issue of SCREEN STARS Magazine to let our readers know of the forthcoming publication of MISS AMERICA. What a thrill it was to receive, shortly after SCREEN STARS hit the newsstands, thousands of letters from girls all over the country, telling us how happy they are to learn that MISS AMERICA will be *their* magazine—a magazine exclusively for teen-age girls, *about* teen-age girls. All agreed to the great need for such a publication.

It was most gratifying to receive your many letters of best wishes, and to read your expressions of whole-hearted support in helping us to make MISS AMERICA the kind of magazine *you* want.

We were especially delighted with your suggestion that MISS AMERICA publish letters from teen-age girls in order that you might get acquainted with each other in print. What a dandy idea!

Here's how MISS AMERICA will carry out this friendly exchange of letters: We will publish letters that contain helpful hints on any number of subjects of vital interest to teen-age girls. For instance, you might have had a gathering the other night and served a particularly delish dish that made a great hit with your guests; you might have played a game that kept your pals interested for hours. Or, you might have discovered a crackerjack way of preserving your stockings, learned new tricks on hair setting, discovered items that lend new beauty to old clothes, figured a way to improve—well—anything from your looks to your room, including such things as to how you overcame the terrifying obstacle of an inferiority complex, what your club is doing, etc., etc.

Don't keep these self-improvement discoveries to yourself. Tell others about them; they in turn will tell you things you never knew till now.

And the beauty of all this is that MISS AMERICA will pay $1.00 for every letter published.

Bestest,

JEAN GOODMAN.

Cover painting by Louise Alison—Comic coloring by Barry

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Hollywood's YOUNGER SET...

Let's trot along with our cute reporter as she makes her Hollywood rounds . . .

TENSHUN! Shirley Temple's turned "baby-tender." Or should we say "infant-custodian-deluxe." And no 25c an hour for Shirley, either, since she's simply being Aunt Shirley to her brother's baby, when latter's papa and mama go stepping.

* * *

Veronica Lake has a cute little cousin who's cuttin' (*Continued on page* 46)

Gosh, is that Jane Withers popular! Pretty June Carlson stops by for a chat between dances at the Hollywood Palladium. Johnny Miles (cute, isn't he) is Jane's date.

Shirley Temple surrounded by a bunch of GIs—and no wonder—at a lovely garden party given by Joan Crawford and hubby Phil Terry for the servicemen.

Glorious Gloria Jean and her mama didn't even notice Art Weissman (he's our staff photog), so busy were they studying the Brown Derby's menu.

By TRUDY SMITH

Eileen adored Paul, but that didn't mean she admired his dictatorial, almost superior manner. . . . Came the day, though, when she was thankful for his leadership

By RUTH GILBERT COCHRAN

EILEEN ELLIOT, debating the wisdom of borrowing her younger sister's cork-soled wedgies—for Sukey would have to know *why*—wondered if she were really as lucky as every other Tallacola girl of high school age considered her. Tomorrow she was to have another date with Paul Paige—the third within a week—and of all the pretty girls in a Florida community noted for its unusually large share of feminine pulchritude, Eileen was the only one Paul had honored with his attentions. Hence the envy burning in other girlish hearts. And that envy, Eileen admitted, was entirely understandable.

Paul had a simply adorable English accent, of course, and he did look a lot like Cary Grant, or as that charming film star might have looked at seventeen if he were thin as a rail after a severe illness. But—and herein lay the cause of Eileen's wonder—Paul was so *bossy!* Eileen, whose sweet, drawling, easy-going way had always been entirely satisfactory to herself and to every other boy she knew, resented Paul's attempts to make her over.

Paul's chief idea seemed to be that Eileen fell far short of the British standards of perfection. "You don't get enough exercise, for one thing," Paul told her. "An English girl thinks nothing of a six-mile walk before breakfast."

"A six-mile walk under a Florida sun," Eileen had retorted with a flash of spirit, "is my idea of nothing to do, too. Anyway, I do plenty of other things. I help Mother with the marketing, and I serve in the USO canteen after school, and knit for the Red Cross. Maybe you mean I ought to reduce?"

"No, no," Paul had assured her hastily and seriously. "I like a girl to look like a girl, not a lead pencil in skirts . . . and *now* what are you laughing at?"

"Oh," Eileen said, helplessly, "at you!"

"Why? Oh, I see. You were pulling my leg. I should have come back with a pretty speech—called you a sylph, or something, the way these Tallacola chaps (*Continued on page* 59)

"See that light-house?" Paul pointed. "It's a good mile off, I should judge." Eileen was too tired to say anything.

Paul lunged at the stranger as Eileen looked on in horror. And so, within minutes, a fine new hero was born.

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUISE ALTSON

Miss Dolly Dimples

DOLLY'S on the recording stage. Dolly's having a fitting in wardrobe. Dolly's making a trailer on Stage 10. Dolly's in casting. But Dolly was neither at, on, nor in any of those places,

"Paging Dolly!" You could hear it all over the Paramount lot. Bill Russell, dramatic coach, responded with, "Dolly was here for a lesson this morning, but she and Mona Freeman had lunch with two handsome young air cadets in the commissary this noon. Those two are probably still out of this world, talking about those two boys. Why don't you try Dolly's dressing room?"

Dolly is Miss Diana Lynn, Paramount's newest teen-age star. When she became a straight actress in "The Major and the Minor" the studio felt that Dolly was too childish, so her name was changed to Diana. But everyone still calls her Dolly. And Dolly suits her so well. She has china blue eyes that open wide, and a fringe of black lashes, and her hair is like spun gold, soft and curling, and her clothes are dainty and very pretty. In fact she's a cut-out doll come to life.

Don't think that just because Diana is a Hollywood star that she can get away with household chores. She can't—even as you and I. Her mom sees to it.

And who is "Dolly Dimples"? Diana Lynn, of course. . . . We know you'll love May's interview with your favorite screen teenster . . .

By MAY MANN

It was in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" starring wonderful Betty Hutton, that millions of movie-goers started raving about cute Diana.

Not only does Diana look out of this world in this romantic pink chiffon and flesh color negligee, but "Out Of This World" is name of her pix.

Knocking on the door of Dolly's new dressing room, I discovered it was open. And the cute little green and white room with its hand-quilted covered furniture was quite empty. The suite was formerly Betty Hutton's, and it is between Bob Hope's and Gail Russell's.

Then, suddenly, there she was, running up the steps. "I've been looking all over for you!" Breathlessly she sat down and held on to her heart, which was doing little thump-thumps right through the soft wool jacket of her trim little blue suit. No, Dolly hasn't heart trouble, not yet. (*Continued on page* 58)

Dimpled Dolly had a whale of a time trying to push this prop vehicle places. Diana's one of the most popular of the Younger Set stars. She's wholesome.

A between-the-scenes snap of the adorable Diana "Dimples" Lynn. She's currently starring in Paramount's delightful "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay."

Off-screen Diana loves to curl up in a comfy chair and read. Thank goodness her fame and talent hasn't gone to her pretty head. Yep, she has to study, too.

Jasper pointed accusingly at Columbia, barricaded behind the davenport. Columbia was ghostly pale and trembling.

X PLUS Y

By MAXINE SHORE

I WAS studying Math furiously, with the final looming just a mere week off, when the telephone rang. It was Linda Taylor, chairman of the Youth Service Club.

"Now look, Linda," I said hastily, "I'm busy. I told you to call me last."

"Jill, I am! Absolutely. Everybody else is booked solid. You've just got to take over. I told Mrs. Channing you'd be there at eight sharp tonight."

"Oh, Mrs. Channing," I said, relieved. "You mean Mrs. Cyrus Channing? She hasn't got any children."

Mrs. Channing was the town banker's wife, president of the Woman's Club, a leader in the Red Cross and a civic power. Probably all she wanted was someone to address envelopes or something. I could zip through them and get back to Math in no time at all.

Linda hesitated. "Well," she said, slowly, "it's this way, Jill—"

"Well," I said, "go on."

She did, in a rush. "Well, it seems Mrs. Channing's darling

The competition was on full blast; someone had to win! But who? And how?

little nephew is here from New York visiting her and—"

"No!" I said, shuddering. "Absolutely no, Linda."

"But, Jill—"

"No, Linda. I told you when I signed up that I'd run errands, read to invalids, walk dogs—do ANYTHING but take care of children. I'm not the type. They simply terrify me."

"Of course," said Linda, "if you're not the least speck interested in our having a teen town—"

"Linda, you know I am!"

"Well, then, I should think you'd be interested in earning money to contribute to our fund. And just *maybe*, if Mrs. Channing's nephew likes you, she might get interested in our project, too."

What could I say? Naturally, I wanted to do my part toward our teen town.

"All right," I said miserably.

I was in a spot. All the way over to the Channing house that night I brooded about it. I wanted a teen town as much as anyone, but if I had to spend my time taking care of children, and thereby shattering my nerves, very likely Columbia Boggs would win the Math prize for which I was working so hard. The thought simply chilled me.

Turning the corner in a fog of dejection, I had the sinister experience of bumping smack into Columbia Boggs herself. She was swaggering along in a zippy new beanie and jacket, carrying her Math book, even as I. But she was looking disgustingly on top of things, which I certainly wasn't.

"Hello," we said coolly, eyeing each other's Math books.

"Where do you think you're going?" asked Columbia condescendingly.

"Just down the street," I replied vaguely. "And you?"

"Also," said Columbia, with a secret little smile.

She didn't fool me any. I knew she was on her way to Todd Larraby's house to get him to coach her some more in Math. He was a senior and sure to be valedictorian, so naturally he could be a big help to her. It was just since she'd snagged Todd that Columbia had begun to give me such terrific competition in Math.

We (*Continued on page 65*)

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES BILLMYER

Jasper looked at me—that is, he didn't exactly just look. He took inventory. Hands sunk deep in pockets, he circled me slowly, and thoughtfully.

"Hey, gorgeous, how about the dumbest guy in the world getting a break from the cutest trick in the class?" Robert asked, leaning over Emmy's desk.

Life began when Robert Lee Robertson had called her beautiful . . . Magic word . . . Magic life . . .

By HELENE WANDERMAN

BEAUTIFUL!

He had called her beautiful. He, Robert Lee Robertson, the smoothest, tallest, best-looking boy in the first year had called her beautiful. He had, really. Emmy would never forget how it had happened.

They had been in algebra, and Miss Minken had left the room. Everybody was hard at work at a problem, everybody, that is, except Robert Lee Robertson, who was never hard at work at anything, least of all, at an algebra problem. Just now he was biting the edge of a yellow pencil, and in between bites he would grin heart-beatingly at the girls, the giggling, adoring girls. Oh, you couldn't much blame them! He was so handsome! Well, anyway, Miss Minken was giving the class ten minutes in which to solve the problem, and find X, the elusive, obscure, unknown X. At the end of that time, the papers with problems not solved, and X's not known, would be red-penciled "zero." Now, Robert Lee Robertson, although an attractive boy, was not an exception- (*Continued on page* 55)

What Goes?

ARE you a Quiz Whiz? Do you know your fashion facts? Know what to wear with what? Study the shoes on this page—really study them. Then try to figure out with what sort of costume they should be worn. After you think you've worked it out, turn to page 60 and see if you're right. If you are—you can rate yourself a fashion expert.

1 'Tain't hard to guess what these are—but let us go on record as saying that they're toasty-warm and cozy as can be. Called Plushies; cost only $1.19.

2 It really looks like a little boy's shoe, this buffalo-hide oxford, $4.99. Sheer-rib lisle hose in loud colors are the latest mad fad. By Prestige. $1.15.

3 If you thought springy soles went out with nylon, cast your eyes on these synthetic rubber ones! A lace-up moccasin. Tuffies can take it! $3.99.

4 What's life without loafers—especially when they're as good-looking as these? We like the extra-high tongue and the fine grain leather. $4.99.

5 Cut out for fun are these ankle-strap platform wedgies. Those port-holes are hand-cut. Available in black and brown suede. $5.99.

6 Hollywood Scooters—happy compromise between loafer and wedgie—are stitched deep, boast a wall-toe, and feel heavenly on the foot. $4.99.

All shoes from Wise Shoe Stores

Dear Betty Ann:—

Sub-deb Vickie again writes her dearest and most intimate chum a letter from Hollywood . . .

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
October 18, 1944

Dear Betty Ann:

I am in a total eclipse! Pops says that isn't unusual, so just sit down and relax. Here is why. I am in love with Richard Braswell, the Third. Isn't that magnificent?

If you could only see him, Betty Ann, you'd realize his type! It's every girl for herself. You simply can't give him the slow demure big-eyed Jeanne Crain treatment. You got to get in and pitch to win. The kids call him Rusty because he has yellow red hair. He plays center on the football team at Hollywood High. And Betts, he's a perfect All-American. He has a dimple in his chin and a sort of Alan Ladd grin that makes my heart thump so hard it scares me, actually!

Rusty's just too perfect but I couldn't get him to even give me a tumble at first. Wasn't that awful, Betts! He's the first man in my life who didn't succumb when I turned on my Lana Turner tactics.

At the state-high game I yelled my head off for Rusty. Of course he didn't notice, being out in the field and everything, and being so intent on winning and everything. But Walter Miller noticed plenty. And he was so burned that when I told him I simply had to have a second hot-dog, because my energy was simply exhausted from so much yelling, he pretended he didn't hear. Walter has always been on the conservative type—as you know. So I just had to skip it.

Of course Walter's a drop-date, Betts, but being the sweetheart of my childhood, I sort of have to put up with him even if Sally says he is a Caspar Milque Toast. Besides, no other boy asked me to the game. And a girl can't afford to stay home and be a tin type! That would be perfectly weird.

We won the game and in celebration there was a terrific dance in the school auditorium. Rusty came in with two white bandages on his forehead. What a hero!

I nudged Walter into dancing me right past Rusty—often. But the poor boy couldn't even get a chance to look at me. For there was Sally. My best friend, mind you, in school—and she was being introduced to Rusty—and he asked for a dance. I was never so hurt, because Sally knows what a terrific crush I have on Rusty.

I told Walter we'd simply have to sit the next dance out. I had to plan my next move. The dance ended, and I stood up and observed that Sally had gone and Rusty was sitting with some little droop—who was not the least bit attractive. So I decided on a strategic move.

I looked simply ravishing, Betts. It gives me such confidence when I look so identically like Lana Turner. Of course

(Continued on page 48)

Miss IN-BE-TWEEN

Adorable Jane Powell, M-G-M's teen-age singing sensation, currently starring in United Artists' "High Among the Stars". . . . And now we present Jane wearing the type of outfits that spell youth and charm

Almost grown-up is Jane's semi-fitted suit of gray blue wool with high collar-less neckline and deep kick-pleat in the brief straight skirt. But oh we still swoon over that tiny visor cap, of matching material, perched atop her curls. It isn't hard to guess where Janie's going, as she puts the finishing touches on a gift. Her pretty party dress is crisp, checked navy-and-white taffeta, with white eyelet trimming.

Come again some other day. Now Janie's prepared to weather any weather short of flood as she leaves for school in her semi-water proof trench coat, with matching hat and those lovely rain boots. Jane seems mighty pleased with her new, deep-purple woolen coat. And, says Jane, you can't beat this topper for all-around wear, sport and dress-up alike. So—who said "Poor Miss In-Be-Tween"? Fourteen-year-old Janie we'd say strikes a happy medium

Career Minded Miss

Proving a girl's dreams can really come true if she sets her heart and soul to it. . . . Janet Martin, teen-age star, is our pretty example

By APRIL CARVETH

Janet gives her mama, once a famous singer, a kiss after signing a sought after contract with Republic Pictures.

Typically MISS AMERICA in appearance and thinking is Janet Martin. Janet is surely headed for fame

IF YOU'RE seventeen you either have boys or clothes on your mind—or both, Janet admits, and prettily. But in the case of Miss Martin, she has neither—just a career.

"I have never had a date with a boy," Janet confesses. "Maybe that sounds strange, but I've always been so busy studying and rehearsing, and so eager to have a career, that I just haven't given boys a thought.

"Clothes? Well, that is different." Janet's brown eyes glistened a bit on the flirtatious side (just wait until some lad gets the full effect of those). "Clothes are props for an acting career. And it does seem wonderful to be able to go into the shops and buy a sixteen-dollar dress or even a twenty-five-dollar one instead of just looking.

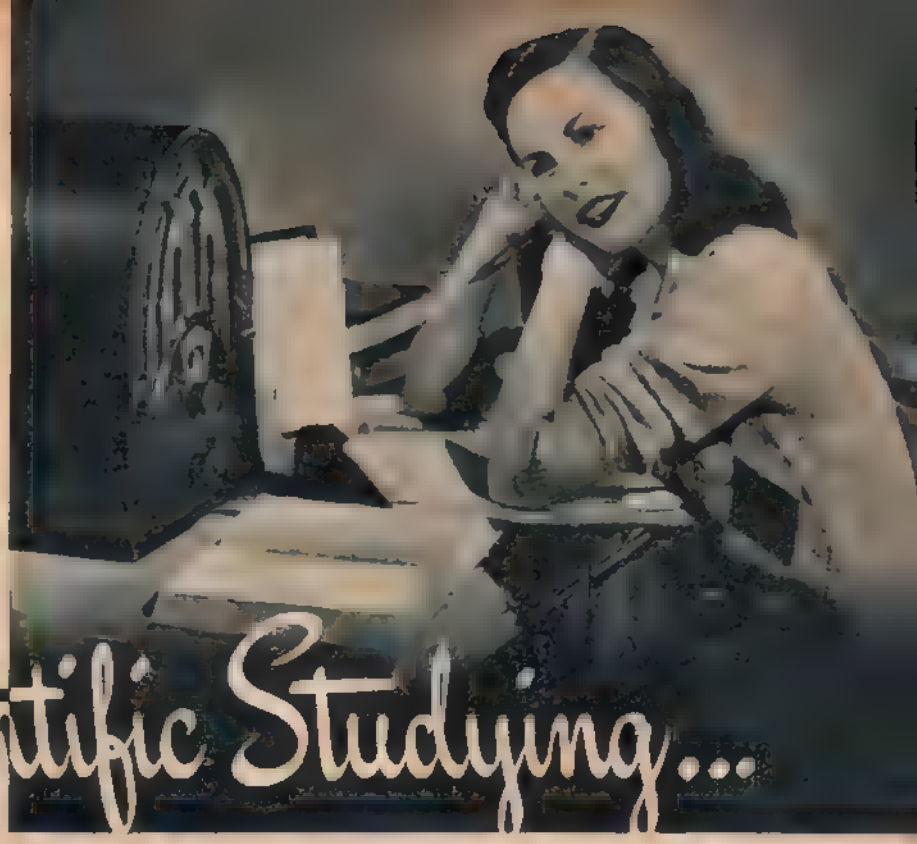
"Up until now," this Republic starlet who looks so much like a younger Ann Sheridan or a Jane Russell, admitted honestly, "Mother made all of my clothes. A ready-made pretty dress is an event in my life!" (*Continued on page 52*)

Janet adores her gray Persian Angora cat, "Chi-Jick," who has seven toes and who, recently, had seven kittens each with seven toes

Allan Lane Janet and William Henry,, played together in Republic's Call of the South,, Janet's making wonderful strides in her acting career.

That darling little Miss Twinkle Watts, and Janet, perched on the window sill at City Hall, while waiting to have their contracts approved

First, to achieve that scientifically restful atmosphere, I turned the radio on. History was a cinch now! Sinatra soothed my inner spirit so that I could relax and I was able to think better.



Lovely Linda makes a huge discovery

By LINDA HOPP

Sigh-Entific Studying...

SCIENCE is the answer; Science is the key to any problem, no matter what Mr. Anthony thinks. Science is simply super divine! And now, I, Linda Hopp, have come across the greatest scientific discovery since Greer Garson found radium!

As I walked to school, this morning, I happily reviewed the system I had used the night before for the first time, to study for my history exam. It was really quite simple.

First, to achieve that scientifically restful atmosphere, I had turned the radio on. Strange, though, that mother just couldn't understand how listening to Bob Hope really helped me to remember who Henry the Eighth's third wife's first son was. But then, mothers are rather bewildering at times.

On page 23 of "History of the World," the sudden horrible onslaught of Hunger made its appearance. These bitter pangs, gnawing at the gastric cavity (slightly sensational expression for tummy, which I learned in Bio I, yesterday), no one can ignore. But it is not advisable to eat too much. A light snack, of two lettuce-tomato-sliced-veal-Swiss-cheese-and-egg salad sandwiches, and three glasses of chocolate milk will do.

Knowing scientifically that fresh air stimulates the mind, I then headed for the great outdoors — "Sampson's Sugar Bowl," making sure to inhale deeply and slowly, all the way to the (*Continued on page 53*)

"C'mon now! Hang tight going round the curves!" Spence offered me a large, tan hand, and down the street and across the campus we whizzed. We got to school just in time for the exam.

★ ★ ★ *Miss America*

Miss AMERICA
FEAR SILENCES THE TONGUE--STOPS THE HEARTBEAT--AS THE STRANGE MASTER OF EVIL, KING COBRA, STRIKES!
MISS AMERICA FACES THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF HER CAREER AS SHE MATCHES HER SPEED AND DARING AGAINST THE COBRA IN---
The CASE of the GOLDFISH!
THRU THE NIGHT, SINGING WIRES CARRY A VOICE OF FRANTIC PLEADING---- FROM A MAN WHO KNOWS HE IS DOOMED TO DIE!
JIM, LISTEN! THE BOMBER PLANS! KING COBRA'S AFTER THEM! HE---
KING COBRA IS HERE!

A GLOVED HAND REPLACES THE PHONE! THE CONVERSATION ENDS ABRUPTLY! JOHN HARVEY IS DEAD!

JOHN! WHAT'S WRONG? WHY--

IN THE HOME OF JIM BENTON AND HIS NIECE, MADELINE JOYCE---

JOHN HARVEY'S IN TROUBLE! I HEARD A SHOT! I'VE GOT TO GO TO HIM!

I'LL CALL THE POLICE, UNCLE!

AS SOON AS JIM BENTON LEAVES, A CAPED FIGURE ZOOMS UPWARD THRU EMPTY SPACE---

I CAN REACH JOHN HARVEY'S HOUSE BEFORE THE POLICE!

ZOOM!

HE'S IN DANGER! I MUST GAIN MORE SPEED!

MEANWHILE--IN JOHN HARVEY'S HOME---

THE PLANS MUST BE HERE SOMEWHERE!

THEN--

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING? MAYBE I CAN HELP!

MISS AMERICA!

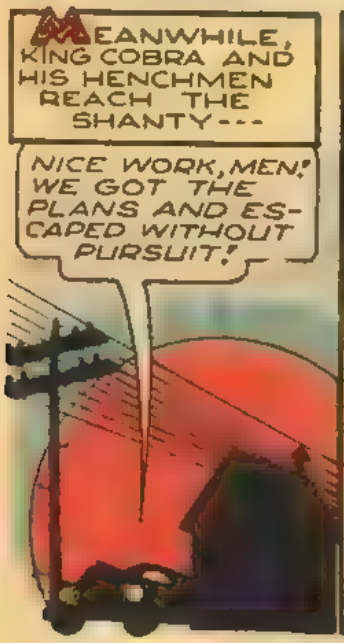
I THINK YOU'RE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE!

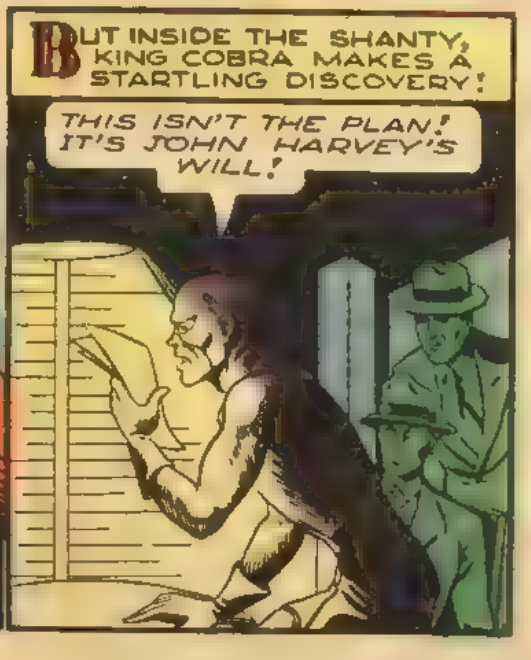
YOU WON'T TRAP ME SO EASILY!
OUCH!
I CAN FIGHT THAT WAY TOO!
RECOVERING FROM THE BLOW, THE COBRA'S HENCHMAN TACKLES MISS AMERICA IN AN UNGUARDED MOMENT---
THIS GUN WORKS AT BOTH ENDS!
UH!
PAIN-WRACKED MINUTES LATER--
OH! MY HEAD! LOOKS LIKE KING COBRA AND HIS GANG HAVE GONE
I'M TOO LATE! JOHN HARVEY'S DEAD! WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
IT'S UNCLE JIM AND THE POLICE! HE MUSTN'T FIND MISS AMERICA HERE!

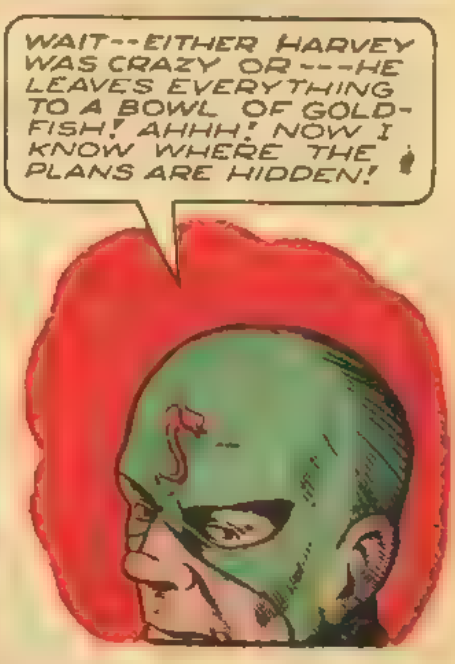
KING COBRA'S ESCAPED! HE MUST HAVE FOUND WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR! I'VE FAILED--BUT I HAVE A FEELING WE'LL MEET AGAIN!
BUT IN A RAILROAD SHANTY NOT FAR AWAY---
JOHN HARVEY HAD THE PLANS FOR THE NEW BOMBER! IT'S FUNNY WE DIDN'T FIND THEM!
HMN! HE WAS PHONING HIS FRIEND, JIM BENTON! PERHAPS HE TOLD BENTON WHERE HE HID THE PLANS! I THINK--- THE COBRA WILL VISIT MR. BENTON!
THE NEXT NIGHT, A PUZZLED AND HEARTSICK JIM BENTON TALKS TO HIS NIECE, MADELINE---
JOHN HARVEY WAS A BRILLIANT MAN! IT'S A SHAME THAT HIS MIND SHOULD HAVE BROKEN DOWN SO COMPLETELY!
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT, UNCLE?
HE APPOINTED ME EXECUTOR OF HIS ESTATE! I'VE JUST READ HIS WILL! IT WAS WRITTEN BY A MAN WHO'D TAKEN LEAVE OF HIS SENSES! WHY WOULD HE LEAVE EVERYTHING HE OWNED TO---
SUDDENLY--THE LIGHTS GO OUT---
UNCLE, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
UGGHH!
MOMENTS LATER---
SOMEONE STRUCK ME FROM BEHIND! I NEVER SAW HIM!

THAT'S QUEER! HE FLED WITHOUT TAKING ANYTHING EXCEPT JOHN HARVEY'S WILL---
TRY TO REST, UNCLE JIM!

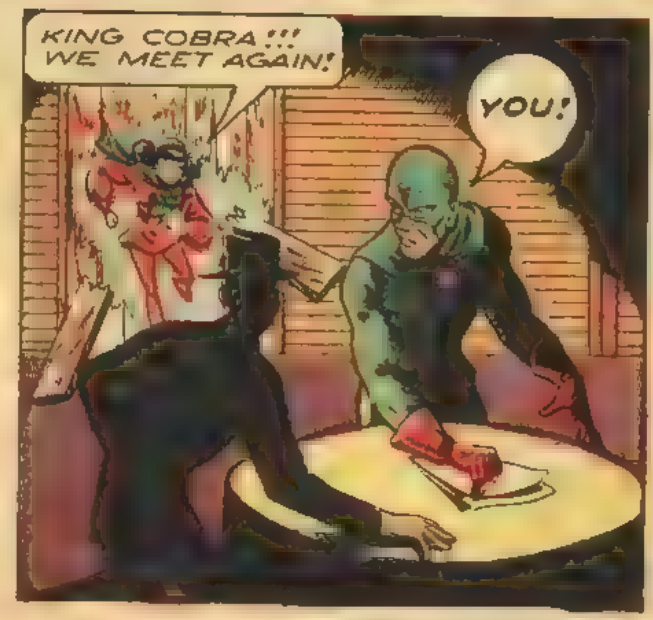
BUT THERE'S NO REST FOR MISS AMERICA---
KING COBRA MUST HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS!


MEANWHILE, KING COBRA AND HIS HENCHMEN REACH THE SHANTY---
NICE WORK, MEN! WE GOT THE PLANS AND ESCAPED WITHOUT PURSUIT!


BUT INSIDE THE SHANTY, KING COBRA MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY!
THIS ISN'T THE PLAN! IT'S JOHN HARVEY'S WILL!


WAIT--EITHER HARVEY WAS CRAZY OR---HE LEAVES EVERYTHING TO A BOWL OF GOLDFISH! AHHH! NOW I KNOW WHERE THE PLANS ARE HIDDEN!

AND THEN---MISS AMERICA'S GRIM SEARCH COMES TO AN END---!
THE TREAD MARKS OF A CAR LED STRAIGHT FROM THE HOUSE TO THIS SHANTY! THAT MUST BE THE CAR!


KING COBRA!!! WE MEET AGAIN!
YOU!

SNATCHING UP A TOMMY GUN, KING COBRA CORNERS MISS AMERICA!
TRY AND GET OUT OF THIS TRAP! THIS GUN'S LOADED! TIE HER UP, MEN!
AND SOON--
YOU'RE STILL ALIVE! BUT NOT FOR LONG! THIS SHANTY IS LOADED WITH DYNAMITE, WIRED TO EXPLODE WHEN THE FIRST TRAIN PASSES!
YOU DEMON!
YOU WILL HAVE TIME TO REFLECT ON YOUR FAILURE! IT IS FITTING THAT YOUR DEATH, EVEN AS YOUR LIFE, SHOULD BE SPECTACULAR!
ALONE, MISS AMERICA BEGINS A DESPERATE STRUGGLE TO ESCAPE!
I CAN'T MOVE WITH THESE ROPES AROUND ME! AND THERE'LL BE A TRAIN COMING ANY MINUTE!
BUT I CAN ROLL OVER! AND EVERY TIME I DO, I'LL BE GETTING NEARER TO THAT DOOR!
A SHRILL TRAIN WHISTLE SIGNALS DOOM RACING ON IRON WHEELS AS MISS AMERICA ROLLS THRU THE DOOR---
TOOT! TOOT!
AND AN INSTANT LATER--
BOOM
DAZED AND ROCKED BY THE CONCUSSION, MISS AMERICA RISES SHAKILY--
WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL! I'LL USE THIS PIECE OF SHARP WOOD TO CUT THESE ROPES!

MEANWHILE, AT JIM BENTON'S HOME--
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
HA-HA! JUST A BOWL OF GOLD-FISH, EH?
SUDDENLY---
I KNEW YOU'D COME BACK HERE!
MISS AMERICA! ALIVE!
AND SINCE YOU LIKE FISH SO MUCH, I'LL BE GLAD TO OBLIGE!
LATER, AFTER THE POLICE ARRIVE!
BUT WHY STEAL A BOWL OF GOLD-FISH?
HERE'S YOUR ANSWER! A ROLL OF MICROFILM SEWED INTO A POUCH ON ONE OF THE GOLD-FISH! THE PLANS OF THE BOMBER!
JOHN HARVEY KNEW KING COBRA WOULD KILL HIM TO GET THE PLANS AND HE HAD TO HIDE THEM! BY MENTIONING THE GOLDFISH IN HIS WILL, HE KNEW YOU'D TAKE THEM AND SOONER OR LATER DISCOVER THE TRUTH!
THE NEXT DAY---
WHAT'S THE MATTER, MADELINE? YOU HAVEN'T EATEN A THING!
FISH! I NEVER WANT TO SEE THEM AGAIN! I MEAN--ER-- I'M NOT HUNGRY, UNCLE!
THE END

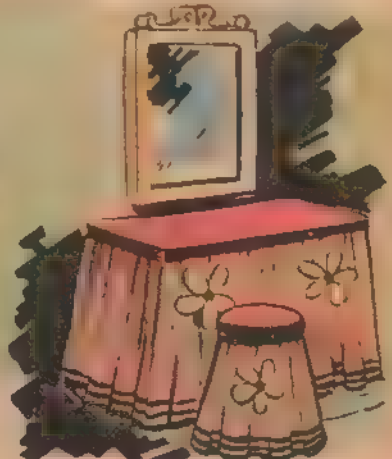
Your Room

MARION was lamenting the drab, dull look of her bedroom, pouting and complaining about not having enough money to re-decorate it, while Gertrude smiled and listened thoughtfully. Marion ended her lament by literally discarding her curtains, her bed, and the mahogany furniture that had been in the family for years. Good-natured Gertrude could smile, even laugh at Marion's sulking, for all the while her pal had been talking, Gertrude had been mentally planning and re-doing Marion's room. Gertrude was a girl with ideas and imagination. She was thrifty and practical, and very handy at making things over and creating nice things with very little money.

"Don't be such a Calamity Jane, Marion," she said. "Let's go up to your house right now, and see what we can do with it!" Immediately, the little decorators got to work. This is what they did:

Since the curtains were beyond redemption, Gertrude suggested buying unbleached muslin, some bright yellow, and a deep rich brown as well as several yards of brown binding. This color scheme would brighten up the room and harmonize

The twin lampshades looked store bought when the girls put the finishing and feminine touch to them.



The vanity table and chair which the girls converted from an old sewing machine and old piano stool. Stunning!

Any girl can create her own little haven—a place to read, work, relax and dream in. It takes but little money, little imagination and little effort. Marion and Gertrude had more fun making over a drab, dull bedroom into a charming, cozy room—and you can, too . . .

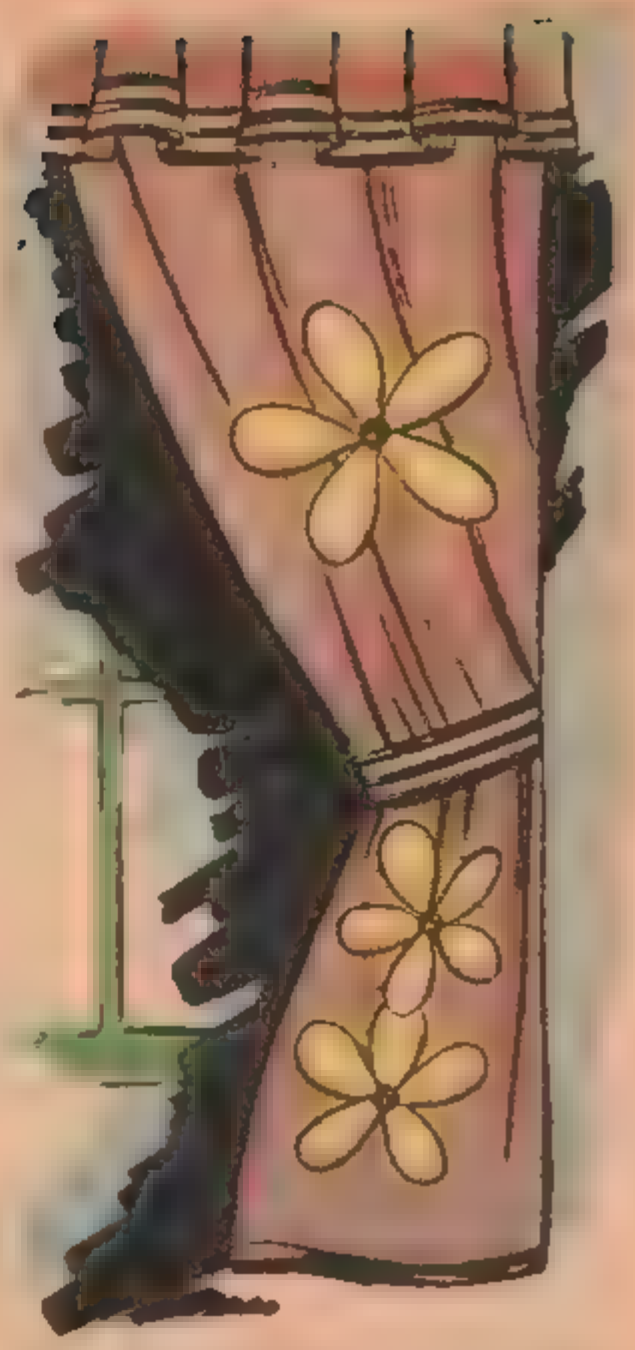
By BEULAH KRAFT

perfectly with the brown furniture that Marion deplored.

She helped Marion make the new curtains by merely running two rows of stitching at the top to make the ruffled heading and have a place for the rod to go through. Down the sides and along the bottom she basted about three inches of the material to form a hem. Then over this she stitched a row of the brown binding. That held the hem in place and made only one stitching necessary. She added two more rows on the outside of this.

Then she cut a paper pattern, the shape of a petal, about four inches long and about two inches wide at the top, diminishing at the bottom, sort of pear-shaped. Using this as a guide, she cut thirty petals out of the yellow material. To save extra work, she folded the material so several petals could be cut at once. Next, she took the cover of a bottle, about an inch and a half in diameter, and cut six round pieces from the brown material.

Marion followed Gertrude's clever and simple instructions in sewing the brightly colored petals (which they cut themselves) onto the new curtains.



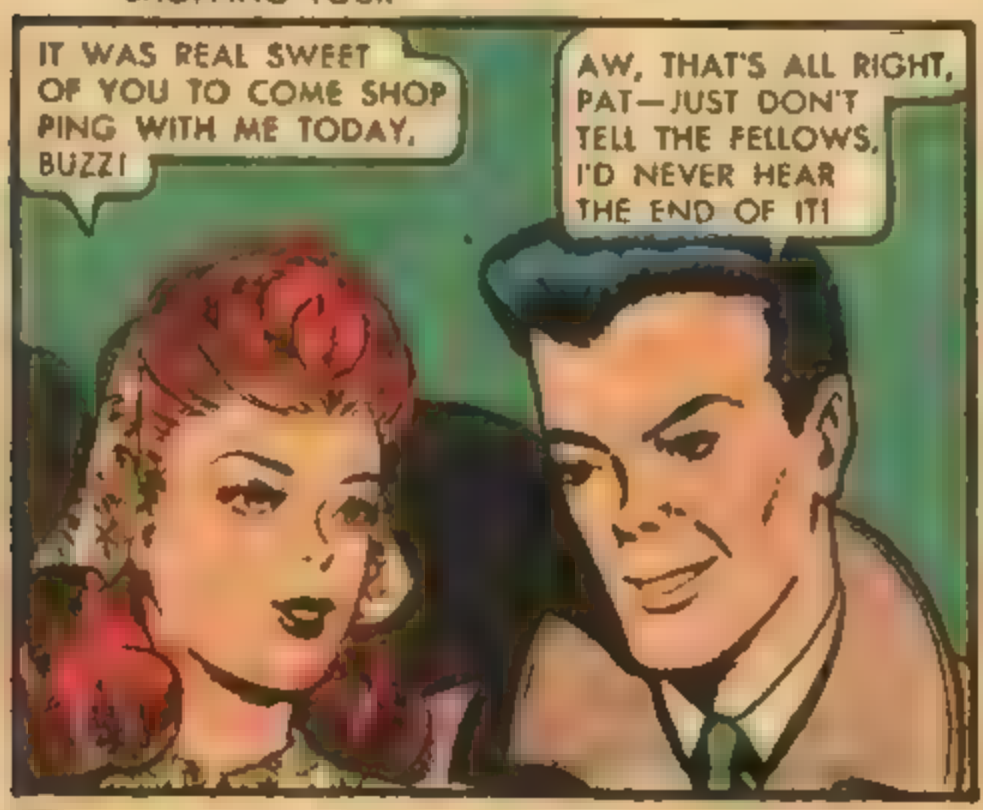
This is the attractive curtain which Marion and Gertrude created out of the unbleached muslin as told in story.

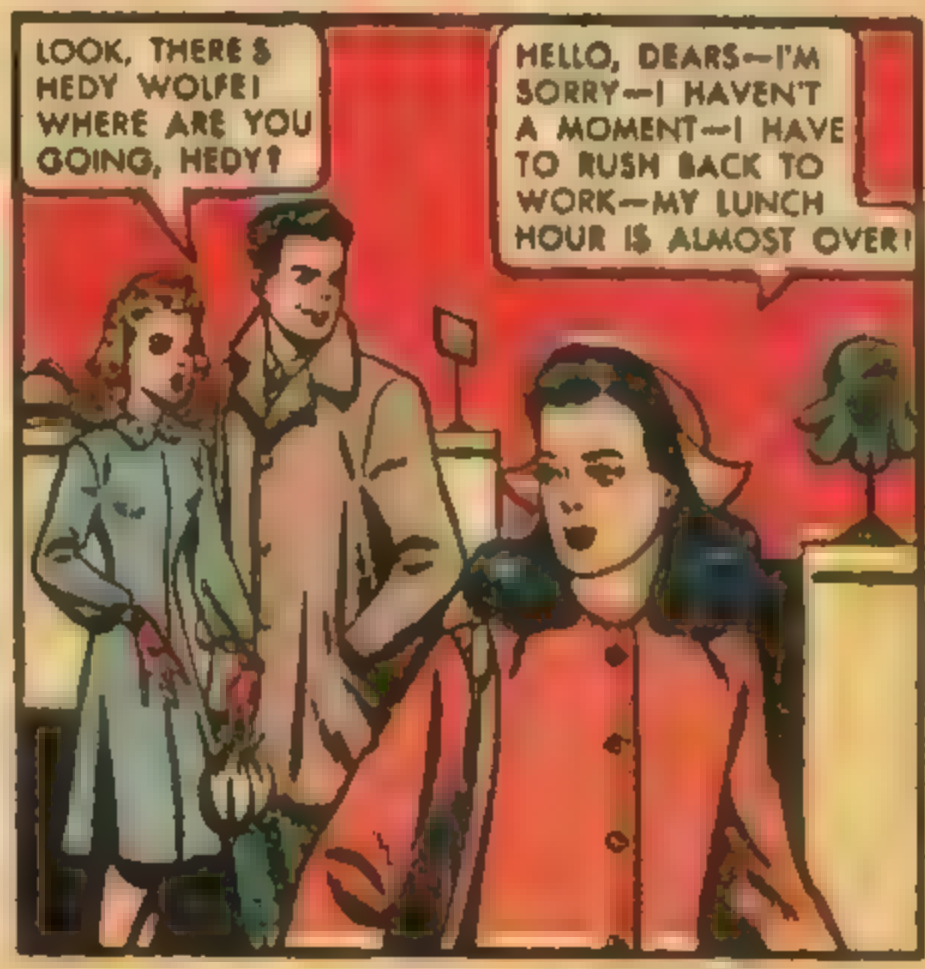
She pinned the yellow petals, five to a flower, in the shape of a sunflower, in a series of three on each curtain, and placed the round brown pieces in the center. These she appliqued on the curtains. With some green embroidery cotton, she did a simple, large chain stitch for stems, and, using the same stitch, she made a bowknot effect to tie the stems together. The tie-backs matched the border of the curtains, being made of unbleached muslin about four inches wide, with three rows of the brown binding.

Marion's windows were wide, so they made a small ruffle of the unbleached muslin, about six inches deep, carrying out the motif of the three strips of brown binding, and placed it between (*Continued on page* 43)

Patsy Walker

IN ONE OF FARMDALE'S LARGEST DEPARTMENT STORES, WE FIND PATSY WALKER AND HER BOY FRIEND, BUZZ BAXTER, ON A SHOPPING TOUR—


IT WAS REAL SWEET OF YOU TO COME SHOPPING WITH ME TODAY, BUZZ!
AW, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, PAT—JUST DON'T TELL THE FELLOWS, I'D NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT!


LOOK, THERE'S HEDY WOLFE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING, HEDY?
HELLO, DEARS—I'M SORRY—I HAVEN'T A MOMENT—I HAVE TO RUSH BACK TO WORK—MY LUNCH HOUR IS ALMOST OVER!

WORK? LUNCH HOUR?

OH YES! I FORGOT TO TELL YOU—I'M A SECRETARY! TA-TA!

HEDY—A SECRETARY! GAWSHHHH!

SNAP OUT OF IT, BUZZ! HAVEN'T YOU EVER SEEN A SECRETARY BEFORE?

OH, HERE'S A LOVELY PAIR OF GLOVES THAT I CAN WEAR WITH MY BLUE DRESS AND—BUZZ!! ARE YOU LISTENING?

LISTENING? OH—EH, YES—YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT A SECRETARY—I MEAN—HEDY—OR—OR SOMETHING!

OH, YOU'RE HOPELESS!

AW, PAT, DON'T BE ANGRY—YOU KNOW I DON'T CARE ABOUT HEDY!

HUMPH—YES, I KNOW THAT—BUT DO YOU? I'M GOING HOME!

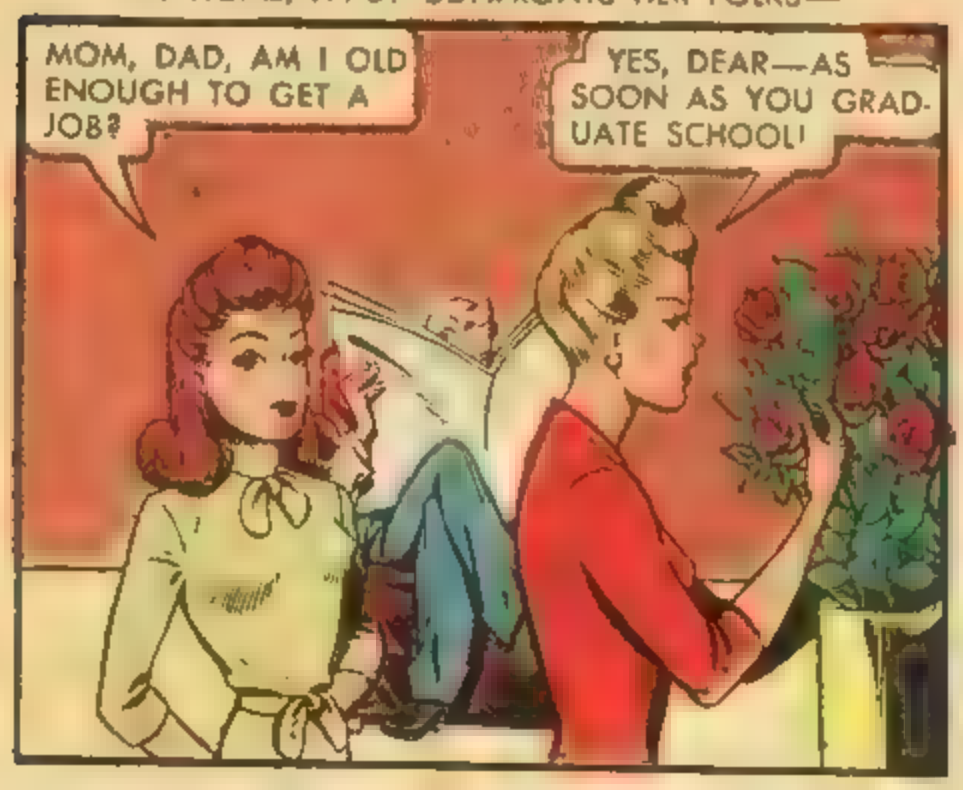
AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT PATSY'S HOUSE—

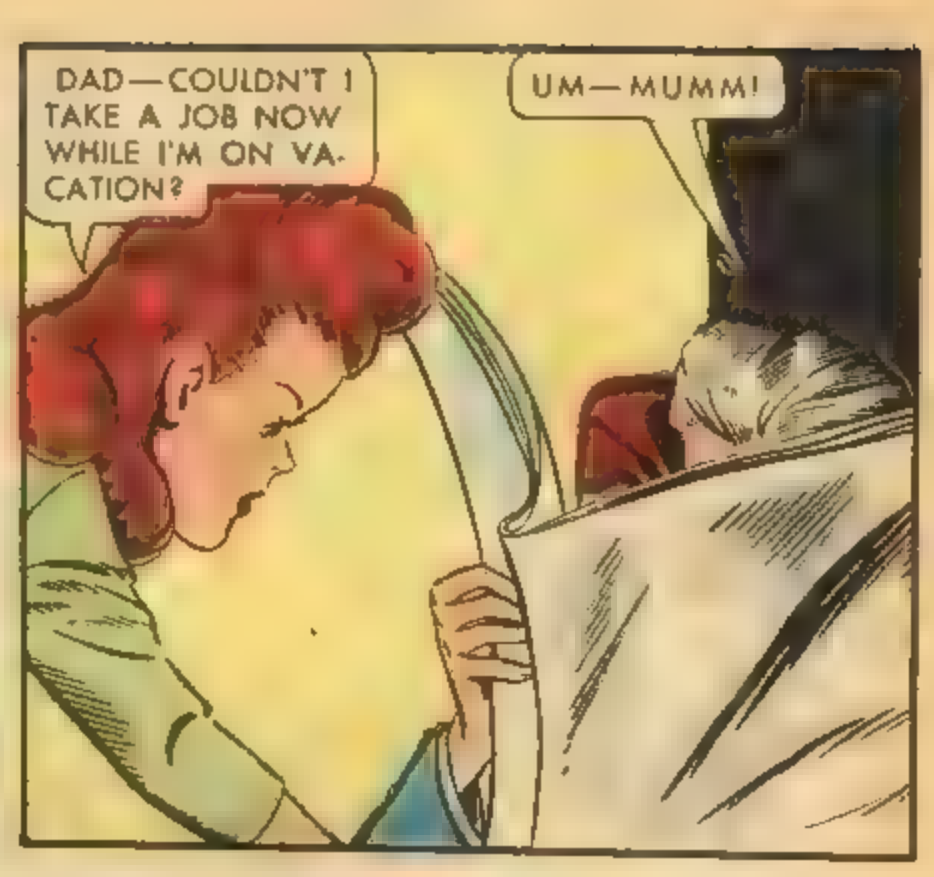
THANK YOU FOR ACCOMPANYING ME, MR. BAXTER!

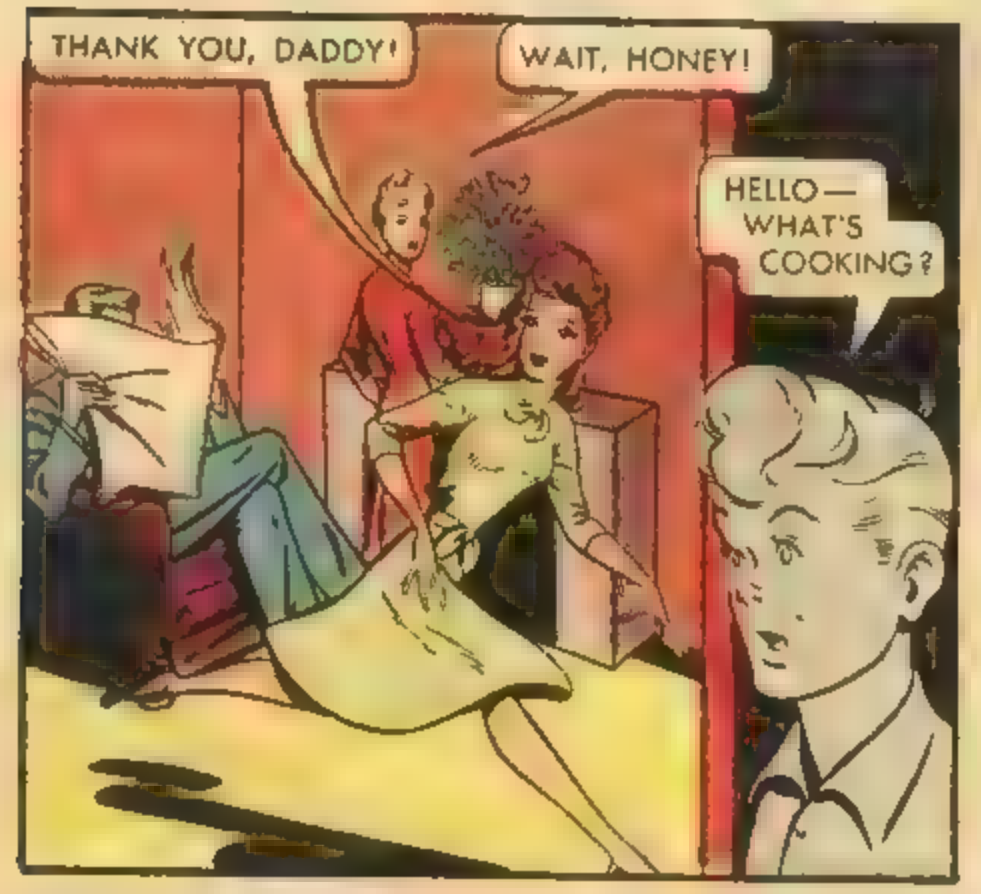
WOMEN—HUMPH!

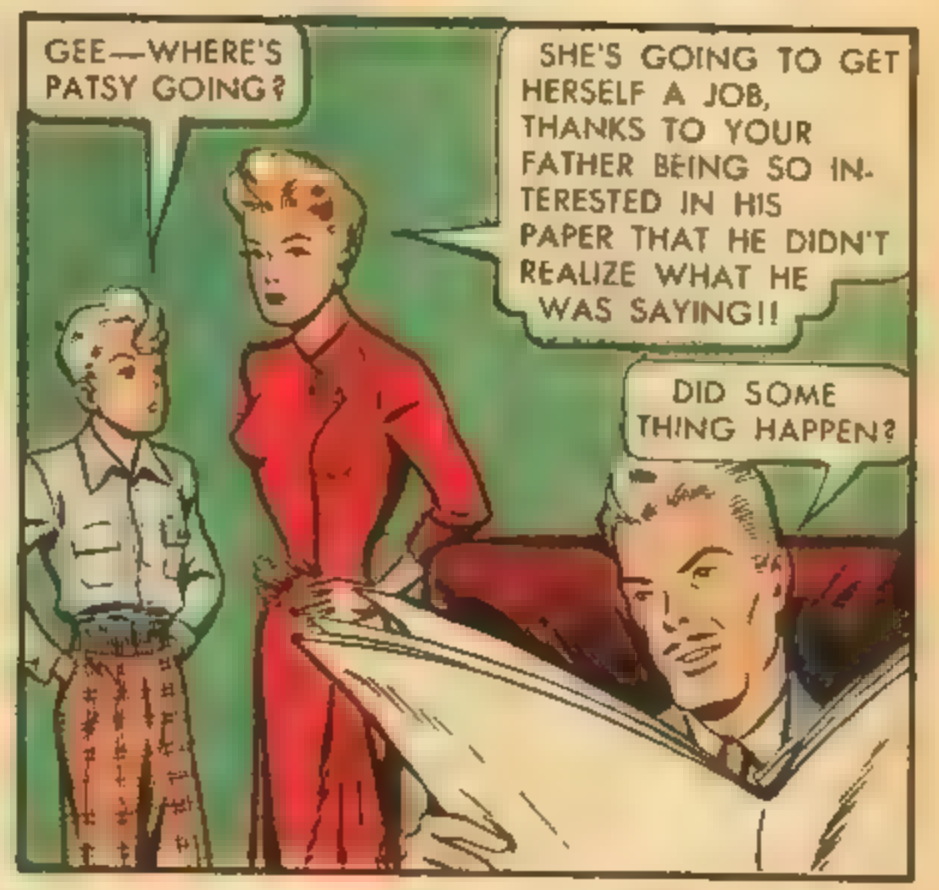
SLAM

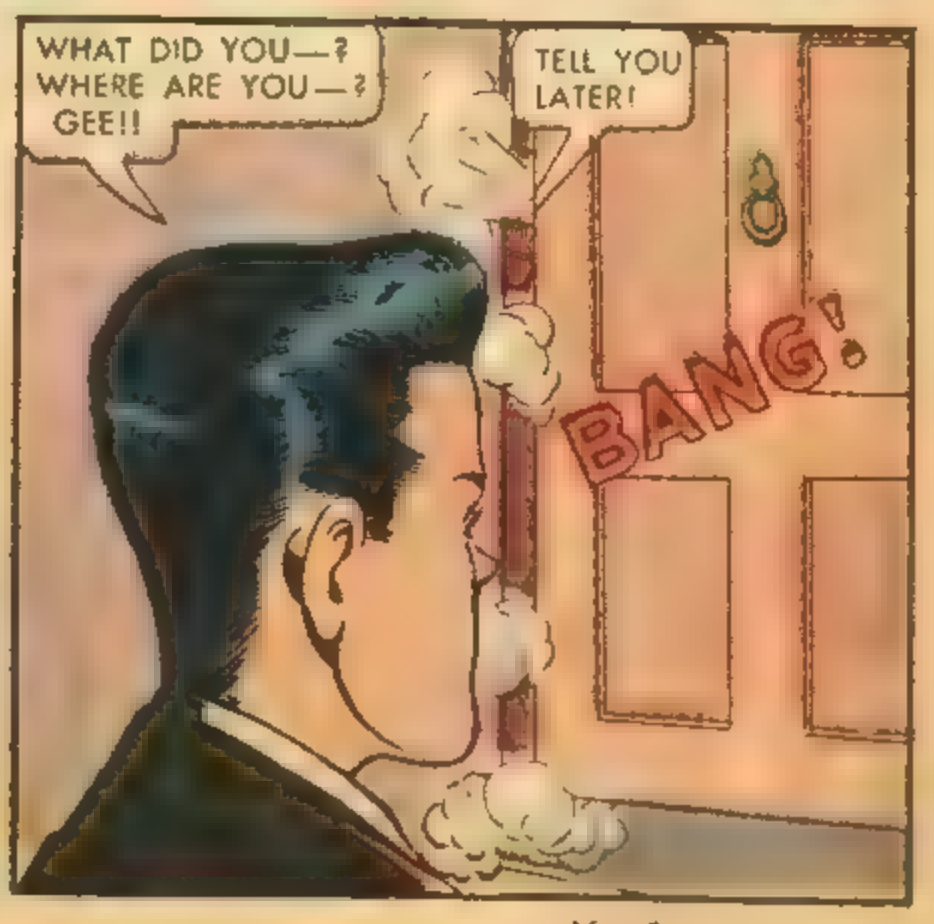
AT HOME, PATSY CONFRONTS HER FOLKS—








GEE—WHERE'S PATSY GOING?
SHE'S GOING TO GET HERSELF A JOB, THANKS TO YOUR FATHER BEING SO INTERESTED IN HIS PAPER THAT HE DIDN'T REALIZE WHAT HE WAS SAYING!!
DID SOME THING HAPPEN?



GEE, I ALMOST FORGOT TO CHANGE MY CLOTHES!

PATSY! WHAT ARE YOU THINKING OF? WHY DO YOU WANT A JOB?

I SIMPLY FEEL THAT I'M OLD ENOUGH TO TAKE MY PLACE IN THE WORLD OF BUSINESS AND MAKE MY OWN WAY— THAT'S ALL!

THERE—NOW I DON'T LOOK LIKE A LITTLE BOBBY-SOCKER ANY MORE! NOW FOR A JOB!

YOU DO LOOK NICE, DEAR BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR JUNIOR NURSES AID WORK?

MY MIND IS MADE UP! I SHALL BE A CAREER WOMAN! FAREWELL, TILL THIS EVE!

REMEMBER, IT'S ONLY UNTIL SCHOOL RE-OPENS!

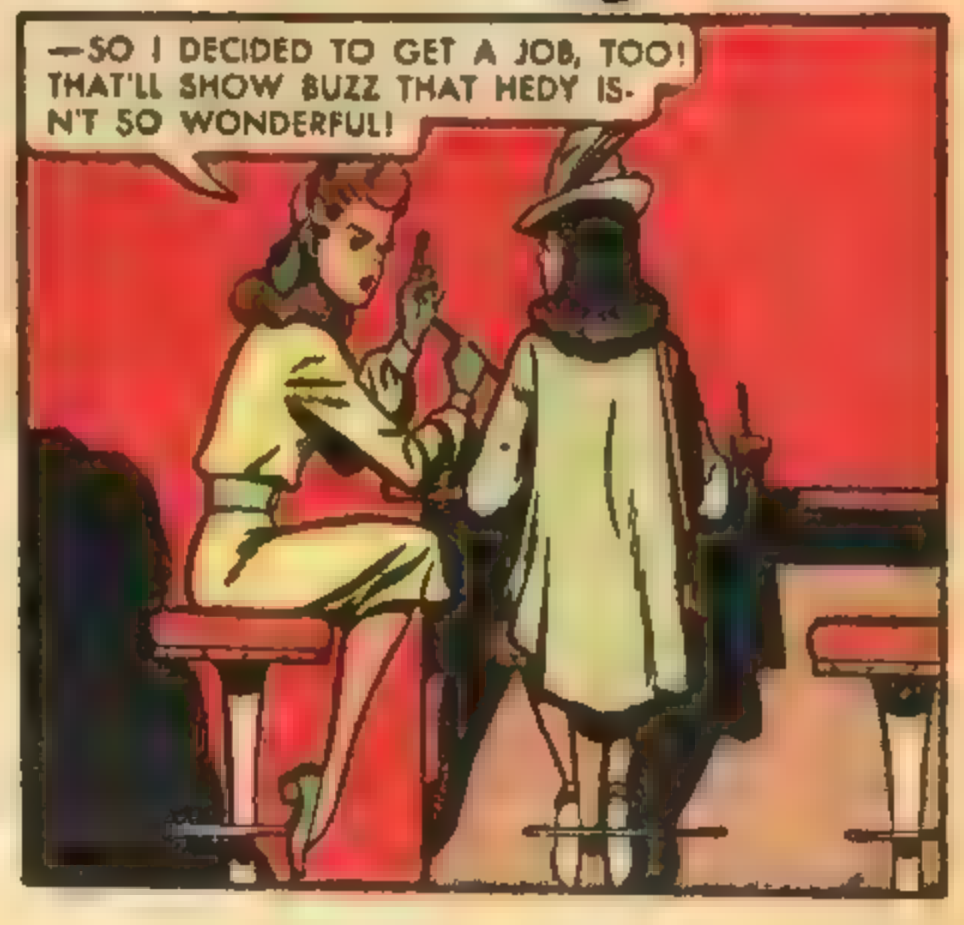
WHAT MADE PATSY. DECIDE TO GET A JOB?

OH, PROBABLY ONE OF HER FRIENDS GOT ONE AND NOW SHE FEELS SHE SHOULD TOO! BUT—SHE WON'T EXPLAIN TO US—YOUNG PEOPLE NEVER FEEL THAT THEIR FOLKS WILL UNDERSTAND!

COME, BUZZ! I'LL SHOW HEDY WOLFE THAT I, TOO, CAN BE A SECRETARY!

I'M GLAD SHE'S NOT MY GIRL!

THIS LOOKS LIKE A NICE BUILDING! WAIT FOR ME!
SAY, THIS IS THE BUILDING WHERE HEDY WORKS! WELL, NOW I DON'T MIND WAITING—FIVE MINUTES!



IN THE MEANTIME, OUTSIDE—

WHILE INSIDE, STILL CHATTING—

AND SO, TIME STAGGERS ON!

WHEW!!

—WORE ONE RED GLOVE AND ONE YELLOW AND DIDN'T KNOW IT! HA, HA, HA!

OH DEAR— SOME JOKE! TWO MORE, PLEASE!

HOLY SMOKE— SHE'S BEEN GONE TWO HOURS!

I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT THE DELAY IS, OR MY NAME ISN'T BUZZ BAXTER!

THIS LOOKS LIKE A PLACE WHERE PEOPLE GET JOBS!

ACME EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

PARDON ME, I'M LOOKING FOR A GIRL—

ACME EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

WHAT FELLOW ISN'T, BIG BOY?

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND—I'M LOOKING FOR A PARTICULAR GIRL!

THIS IS AN EMPLOYMENT AGENCY! WE GIVE OUT JOBS—NOT DATES!

BACK IN THE DRUG STORE—

YOU KNOW, NAN—I KEEP FEELING I'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING—

WHAT WERE YOU SAYING ABOUT JEAN'S NEW EVENING GOWN?

AND AT THE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY—

LOOK—I DON'T WANT A DATE—I DON'T WANT TO MEET A GIRL—

OH, HANDING ME A LINE, EH? WHAT IS THIS?

I CERTAINLY DID ENJOY OUR LITTLE CHAT, PAT!

ME TOO! GEE—BUZZ!! I FORGOT ALL ABOUT HIM!

BUZZ ISN'T HERE!

HERE'S A NOTE! IT SAYS—"TO PATSY"

TO PATSY

IT SAY'S, "GOT TIRED OF WAITING—GIRL IN THE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY OFFERED ME A JOB—I TOOK IT! IF I HAD WAITED ANY LONGER, I WOULD HAVE HAD TO PAY RENT'!

I KNEW I HAD FORGOTTEN SOMETHING! I WAS GOING TO GET A JOB!

AND THEN—

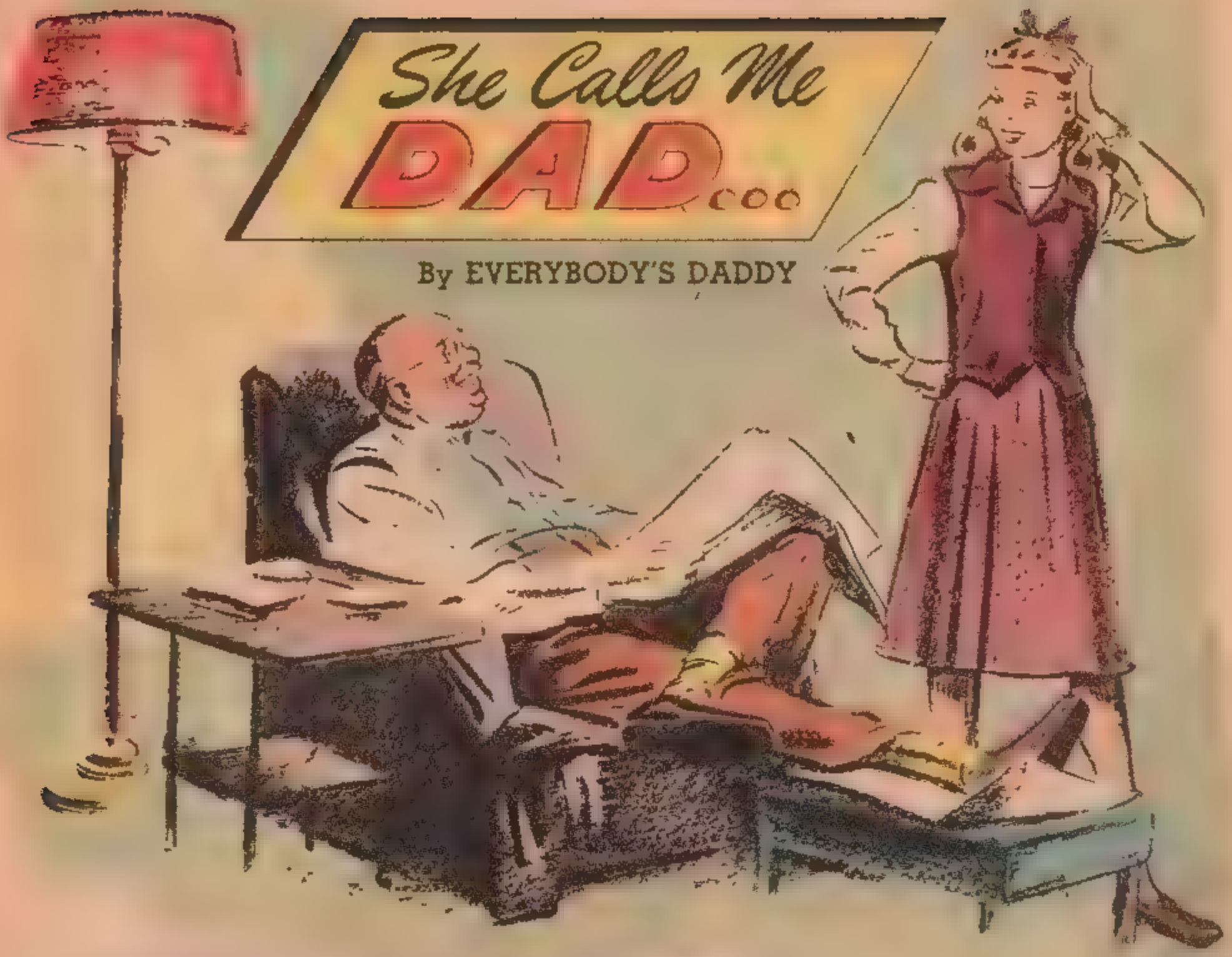
SO THERE YOU ARE! YOU WERE THE ONE WHO WANTED A JOB!

I CHANGED MY MIND! IT'S MORE IMPORTANT TO BE A JUNIOR NURSES AID! COME, NANCY!

FRAGILE

She Calls Me DAD...

By EVERYBODY'S DADDY



Girls, do you know the thoughts that flit through your pop's heart and head as he watches you grow from babyhood until—well, until you're just the age of the girl in this story. You'd be surprised! Go over and give him a big hug . . .

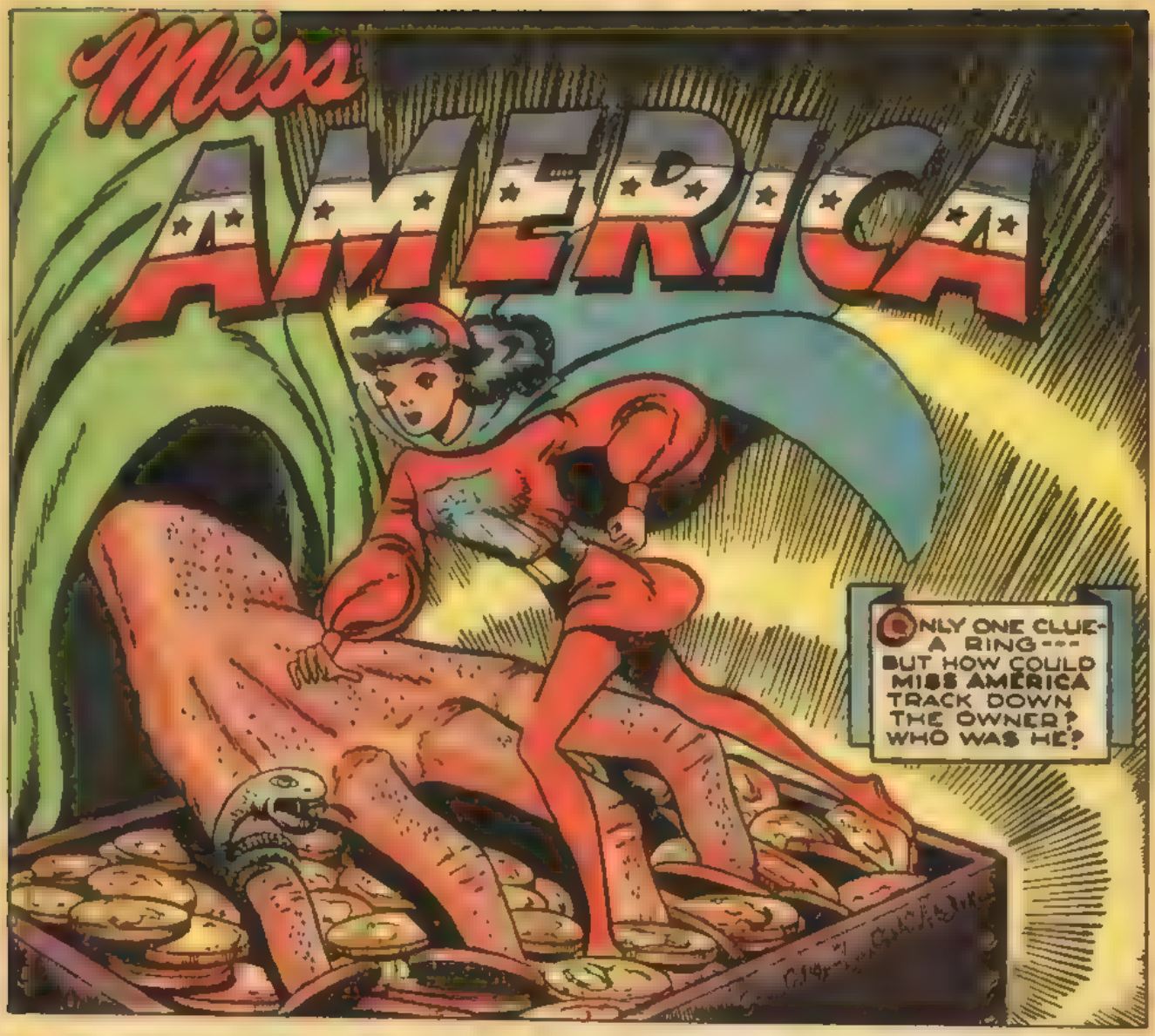
SOMETIMES I look at her over my newspaper and marvel. Is that lovely young lady of sixteen my daughter? Am I old enough to be her dad? Good gosh, I really *am* her dad. And it wasn't so long ago that I was dating girls like that myself.

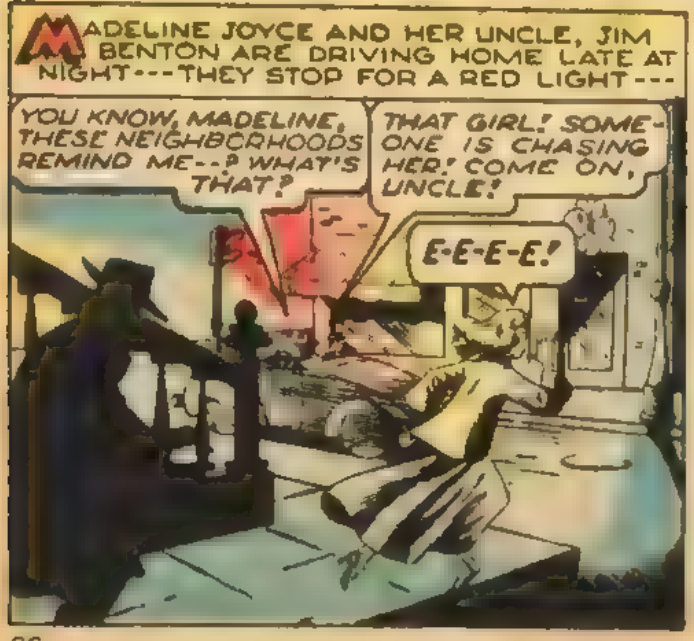
If she ever knew the thoughts that run through my mind! But she couldn't possibly. I've been around ever since she was born. There never was life for her of which I wasn't a part. To her I am some ageless, timeless immortal she calls "Dad." True, she kids me a bit now and then. She knows my weaknesses and slyly gets around any objections I may have to anything she may want to have or to do. But with it all she thinks I am the wisest, strongest, finest, most brilliant man that ever breathed.

I wish I could live up to her estimate of me. But I won't. She'll get older and wiser and suddenly one day she'll see me as I really am—just another man who happens to be her dad.

In the meantime, I'm enjoying that wonderful experience of godhood that only the father of a daughter can know. You can take your riches and your fame and your glory and throw them into the ashcan. To me they are second-rate tinsel to be enjoyed only by those who are unfortunate enough not to have a daughter who transforms her father into a god.

I remember when she was five. Her utter faith in my all-knowing wisdom was sometimes embarrassing. "Daddy," she once said, "I (*Continued on page 45*)


Miss AMERICA
ONLY ONE CLUE- A RING--- BUT HOW COULD MISS AMERICA TRACK DOWN THE OWNER? WHO WAS HE?


MADELINE JOYCE AND HER UNCLE, JIM BENTON ARE DRIVING HOME LATE AT NIGHT---THEY STOP FOR A RED LIGHT---
YOU KNOW, MADELINE, THESE NEIGHBORHOODS REMIND ME--? WHAT'S THAT?
THAT GIRL! SOMEONE IS CHASING HER! COME ON, UNCLE!
E-E-E-E!

STOP! STOP! (PUFF! PUFF!)
IT'S NO USE, UNCLE, HE'S GONE! HELP ME WITH THIS GIRL! WHAT HAPPENED, MISS?
PO!---! POISON--! HE---- OOOOO!

WE'VE GOT TO GET HER TO A DOCTOR!
YOU'RE WRONG, MADELINE! IT'S TOO LATE! SHE IS--- DEAD!
SOME MINUTES LATER AT THE CITY MORGUE!
WE'LL LEAVE HER AT THE MORGUE! YOU GET THE ATTENDANT! I'LL STAY WITH THE BODY!
RIGHT, UNCLE!
AS MADELINE LEAVES, A SHADOWY FIGURE STEPS FROM A CAR, AND STEALTHILY MOVING UP BEHIND HER UNCLE---
SAY, WHAT--?? OOOOOO!
POW!
WHILE UNAWARE OF THE ATTACK--- MADELINE RETURNS TO THE CAR WITH THE MORGUE ATTENDANT---
WHERE IS THE BODY, MISS?
IN THE---? WHY, IT'S GONE! OH-- UNCLE!
OOOO! WHAT HAPPENED?
NOTHING! SOMEONE JUST STEPPED UP BEHIND, SLUGGED YOU AND STOLE THAT POOR GIRL'S BODY!
ARE YOU TELLING ME I WAS SLUGGED! FEEL THIS MARK ON MY JAW!
H'MMM! A COILED SNAKE! FIND THE RING THAT MADE THAT MARK AND WE HAVE THE KIDNAPPER, IF NOT THE KILLER AS WELL!
IN THE MORGUE? NO THANKS!
YOU'D BETTER GET IT TREATED, UNCLE!
THERE'S A HOSPITAL ANNEX! COME, I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE DOCTOR!
AS HER UNCLE LEAVES WITH THE ATTENDANT, MADELINE---
THANK GOODNESS THEY'RE GONE! NOW MAYBE I CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS! FIRST TO IDENTIFY HER, BUT HOW--? AH! HER BAG!

QUICKLY SEARCHING THE GIRL'S EVENING BAG, MADELINE FINDS--
H'MM, HIGH SOCIETY! I REMEMBER READING OF HER DEBUT! BUT WHY HER DEATH--- I THINK I'LL LOOK INTO THIS AS--
DWANA LUKAS 23 E 40TH LANE CITY APT 17-A
--MISS AMERICA! I'LL TRY HER APARTMENT FIRST!
AND SECONDS LATER---
THIS IS THE HOUSE AND--? THAT'S HER WINDOW! SOMEONE IS HOME!
WELL, THERE'S--OH, OH, COMPANY! THIS IS TIME TO DUCK! OUCH!
I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU CAME IN, BUT I DO KNOW HOW YOU--
THE GLANCING BLOW STAGGERS MISS AMERICA AND BEFORE SHE CAN REGAIN HER BALANCE---
--GO--OUT!
OOOOOO!
THIS SHOULD TEACH YOU THAT ABRUPT ENTRANCES ARE DANGEROUS! BUT, THEN, YOU'RE HARDLY IN A CONDITION TO APRECIATE THAT! GOODBYE, MY DEAR!

AND AS THE EFFECTS OF THE VICIOUS BLOW WEARS OFF!!
OHH! WHOEVER HIT ME, MEANT IT! LET'S SEE-! WHERE WAS I--?
THE GENTLEMAN, IF YOU COULD CALL HIM THAT, WAS THE KILLER! BUT WHAT WAS HE DOING HERE? LOOKING FOR SOMETHING?? OR--? A DUST CLOTH!
REMOVING FINGERPRINTS? THIS CUP AND SAUCER HAS BEEN WIPED CLEAN! THE OTHER PROBABLY CARRIES DWANA'S PRINTS! THE KILLER MUST HAVE BEEN A GOOD FRIEND!
I WONDER WHY HE SNATCHED HER BODY! IF I COULD FIND--? WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE A MAN'S SCRAWL! I'LL TRY THE NUMBER!
HELLO, INTER-CITY? DID A MAN REQUEST A CAB FOR 23 E. 40TH LANE, ABOUT AN HOUR AGO?
YES! OUR MAN CALLED BUT THE PARTY HAD ALREADY LEFT!
THIS CASE IS BEGINNING TO MAKE SENSE! I'VE GOT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THE GIRL'S BACKGROUND!
AND SECONDS LATER AT THE DAILY CHRONICLE BUILDING-
I'M SURE THE NEWSPAPER WON'T MIND IF I BORROW FROM THEIR FILES! SOMETHING HAPPENED IN 1942---

NOW I REMEMBER! DWANA WAS DUE TO INHERIT HER ESTATE THIS WEEK! THAT'S WHY SHE WAS KILLED! BUT WHY STEAL HER BODY?
5¢ DAILY CHRON
SOCIETY COUPLE DIE IN CRASH!
MR. & MRS. PAUL LUKAS DIED IN AUTO CRASH TO-NIGHT, AS THEY ESTATE HELD IN TRUST FOR THEIR
IS YEAR OLD DAUGHT DWANA BY PAUL'S JOHN DWANA
ON 194
AND WHO WOULD BENEFIT BY HER DEATH? JOHN LUKAS AND HER UNCLE AND GUARDIAN? THE ONLY WAY TO FIND OUT, IS TO VISIT HIM!
I'VE GOT THE MOTIVE! BUT THE KEY TO THE WHOLE THING IS MISSING! WHY STEAL HER BODY?
ZOOM!
I'VE A HUNCH THE ANSWER TO THAT LIES IN THE PERSON WHO INHERITS THE ESTATE AT HER DEATH! AH, HERE WE ARE!
AND SWOOPING DOWN TO A LIBRARY WINDOW---
EH? MISS AMERICA? WHAT IN THE WORLD BRINGS YOU HERE?
TAP! TAP!
QUESTIONS! I LOVE TO ASK THEM, DON'T YOU?
THIS IS ALL VERY PLEASANT! I'D LOVE TO PLAY, BUT I'M A BUSY MAN AND IF YOU DON'T STATE YOUR BUSINESS, I SHALL BE FORCED TO---
KICK ME OUT? HOW IMPOLITE! MIND IF I COME IN?

NOW, WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?
YOUR ATTENTION! YOUR NIECE DWANA IS--- DEAD! SHE WAS--- MURDERED!
DEAD? I DON'T BELIEVE IT! BU--BUT WHO'D WANT TO MURDER HER?
H'MMM! DOESN'T ACT GUILTY!
SOMEONE WHO PROFITS BY HER DEATH, PERHAPS! JUST WHO DOES PROFIT, MR. LUKAS? DO YOU--?
HOW DARE YOU! I DON'T GAIN! THE ESTATE GOES TO THE BRINGHAM FOUNDATION FOR PARALYTICS!
THEN WHY ARE YOU AFRAID?
WELL, THAT LET'S YOU OUT! MY APOLOGIES FOR ANNOYING YOU!
HER CASE AGAINST LUKAS APPARENTLY NULIFIED BY THE TERMS OF THE WILL, MISS AMERICA TURNS TO GO-
THAT'S AN INTERESTING RING! I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE!
THE DESIGN IS COMMON!
YOU LIE! THE DESIGN IS RARE! YOUR RING LEFT ITS MARK! YOU ARE THE KILLER!
YOU FOOL!
THAT RING WILL SEND YOU TO THE GALLOWS!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
IT WOULD BE DISCOVERED THAT YOU WERE STEALING MONEY FROM THE ESTATE! YOU FACED DISGRACE WHEN DWANA CAME OF AGE!
SO I KILLED HER-- BUT YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO TELL IT!

YES, I WILL! YOU GAVE HER POISON IN HER COFFEE AND CALLED A CAB, THINKING SHE'D DIE IN IT! YOU WOULD FOLLOW IN YOUR CAR---
WHEN THE DRIVER RECOGNIZED THE BODY AND WENT FOR HELP, YOU INTENDED TO STEAL IT! HER DEATH WOULD BE REPORTED BUT HER BODY NEVER FOUND!
WHAT WOULD I GAIN?
TIME! TO REPLACE THE MONEY! THE ESTATE COULDN'T CHANGE HANDS UNTIL SHE WAS DECLARED LEGALLY DEAD! THAT WOULD LEAVE IT IN YOUR HANDS FOR SEVEN YEARS!
BUT THERE WAS A SLIP! DWANA BROKE AWAY, GAINED THE STREET AND DIED IN MY ARMS! YOU CHANGED YOUR PLANS ACCORDINGLY! I'LL BET HER BODY'S IN YOUR CELLAR RIGHT NOW!
YES! I NEEDED THE MONEY! KILLING HER WAS THE ONLY WAY OUT!
YOU WON'T BE NEEDING MONEY WHERE YOU'RE GOING! YOU'VE WRITTEN YOURSELF A ONE WAY TICKET OUT-- VIA THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!
AND WITH THE KILLER SAFE IN JAIL, MISS AMERICA RESUMES HER ROLE AS MADELINE AND---
WELL! AT LAST YOU FIND TIME TO VISIT YOUR POOR, SICK UNCLE! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
GALLIVANTING, UNCLE! I HAD TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A RING!
THE END

From page 27

the curtains at the top. If your windows are narrow, the ruffle is not necessary, as the curtains will meet at the top.

Marion had longed for a vanity table but could not afford one. But Gertrude was not so easily discouraged. She discovered an old sewing machine table covered with books and magazines. After getting Marion's mother's permission, she removed all but the top drawer, sawed off the partitions to make room for Marion's knees, and really converted it into a full-fledged vanity table. Then the top drawer was used for comb and brush and so on.

The girls made a skirt for the old table, in the same way they had made the curtains, using the same motif. Through the place where you run the curtain rod, you run a piece of tape to shir your material. This can best be fitted to the table by tacking it on, being careful not to knock the tacks in so hard they will be difficult to remove when you need to launder the skirt. They left the top of the table here, because after a good polishing, the lovely old pattern of the wood showed up beautifully.

Over the center of the table, they hung an antique gilt mirror that had been hanging woefully in a corner. Presto! One of the most charming vanity tables a girl could want was born, or, you might say, re-born.

If you do not have an old sewing table to convert, you can carry out this idea with any small table, though one that is longer than it is wide will give the best effect. If it is too high, ask mother if you may saw a few inches off the legs.

With an old piano stool, should you have one uselessly tucked away, you can have a dandy dressing table stool. Cut a piece of unbleached muslin somewhat larger than the top of your stool. Put a hem all the way around this circle, then run a piece of tape through it. Place one of the sun flowers in the center. For extra comfort, if you are so inclined, place a piece of padding over the stool before covering it with the new cover, and pull the tape tightly under the seat, then tie it. Thus it is easily removed for washing. Make a skirt for the stool the same as you did for the dressing table, and attach with small tacks. If you do not have a piano stool, a small bench or spare chair will do.

Marion's two small lamps had very soiled shades. So, after dusting and briskly brushing them, Gertrude and Marion went to work pleating some of the unbleached muslin for lamp shade covers. Around the top, they tied three rows of the brown binding and made small bows in front.

Now, for the sagging bed. Gertrude scouted around and got a large, thin board. The girls placed it between the mattress and spring. The decrepit-looking bed became straight and trim, and besides, was much more comfortable.

The bedspread was an old one. But with a girl like Gertrude around, it could be salvaged. It was a soggy white, but after a good washing, and a dipping in cream-colored tint, it looked pretty good. To carry out the color scheme, the girls made initials left over from their brown material, and appliqued a neat monogram in the center.

Although Marion hated the brown rug, it proved to be just what Doctor Gertrude might have ordered. And Marion's mother, who was very much interested in what was going on in Marion's room, cheerfully contributed a shaggy tan rug from the inside porch at Gertrude's request. This the girls shampooed with a preparation recommended by the man in the hardware store. On the four corners they sewed sun flowers, exactly as they had made for the curtains and the vanity table, and, too, they placed one of the flowers in the center of the rug. This rug was put beside the bed. It gave the floor a fine touch, adding the matching note of yellow and brown which helped to put the entire color scheme of the room together.

The girls found some pretty colored pictures in the magazines, with predominating colors of brown and golds and yellows. They mounted them on stiff cardboard, and painted over them lightly with a thin coat of shellac, to preserve them, before framing them in narrow brown frames to decorate the walls.

If you have a bureau that needs perking up, you can make a cover in the same way you made the curtains, with your sun flowers, and the three rows of brown binding around the edges. Marion made one and found it added another little touch to enhance her room.

The final effect was truly charming, and now Marion loves her room and keeps it spic and span. Best of all, she has learned that a girl does not have to wait until she is rich to have a charming bedroom in which to spend many happy and restful hours. At the same time, she has learned to do worthwhile things with her money, and now saves some out of her allowance every week. Her room is such a joy to her. It's fun to wake up mornings and view it, and, sometimes, in the evenings she can hardly wait to get back to it to do her home work and read her books.

Said the Spurter To the Mumbler...

By KAREN VAN LISSEL

Pretend you are a cat, lapping milk. Run your tongue in and out as quickly as possible. Get all of the milk out of the dish before your cat gets there!

■

You'll get a howl out of the crazy words that tumble from the lips of the Misses Spurter and Mumbler. . . . On second thought, maybe you won't; maybe you're one of those silly characters . . .

■

ARE YOU one of those girls to whom people always say, "What did you say?" If you are, the chances are that you do one of two things: either you mumble or else you send your words out in spurts.

The other day, in a Philadelphia railway station, I heard a conversation between a mumbler and a spurter. This is the way it sounded:

"Hello," began the mumbler, starting out very well.

"'Lo!" answered the spurter.

The girls were at a lunch counter. By this time, the waiter was ready to take their order. The mumbler saw a sign: "No more ice cream today." So she decided to have some orange ice.

"Gimme some mice," she called out.

To the other girl, this sounded silly, and she snapped, "Y' craze?"

But the mumbler couldn't make any more sense out of the spurter's speech than the spurter could make out of the mumbler's. Still, she did manage to understand when the spurter asked, "W' time z't?"

The mumbler answered, "Five minutes tuh wade."

The spurter jumped to her feet, shouting, "Wade! Wade! What y' talk 'bout?"

So the mumbler pointed to her watch. Finally, her friend calmed down enough to look at it.

"Well! Eight. Why'n say so?"

Just then, some other people came up to the counter, so that I couldn't hear what was said next. But after a while, the mumbler asked, "Yuh harra hearin'?"

And the spurter, who had walked over to the ticket window, shouted back, "No! Why 'n y' talk so . . . 'n und'-stand y'?"

Then the spurter asked the agent for a ticket to "N' Y'k," and it was ten minutes before the agent could figure out whether she wanted to go to New York, Newark, or to York, Pennsylvania! As for the mumbler, she simply picked up her bag and walked slowly away, her head hanging and a puzzled frown on her forehead. And that was the end of a friendship!

What makes the mumbler mumble? And what makes the spurter spurt?

(*Continued on page* 46)

Try to touch your chin with the tip of your tongue; then try to touch the tip of your nose. Now, students, do it faster and faster.

★ ★ ★ *Miss America*

SHE CALLS ME DAD

From page 35

forgot what I was thinking about. What was it?" You see what I mean?

At seven, she discovered the secret of wealth. "You take a dollar," she explained, "and you buy something and you get change and you take a piece of the change and you buy something else and you get more change and then you do it again and again and again until you've got a basketful of change and you put it in the bank and then you start over again."

At seven, she was telling me things. But there was never a trace of condescension in her voice. She didn't realize she was confiding a great secret that I didn't already know. She simply stated it as something she had discovered and which I had somehow neglected to tell her. Incidentally, I tried that "get-rich" scheme. Confidentially, it doesn't work.

At eight, she began to fuss about her appearance. In the ensuing eight years the only difference has been in degree. By the time she was thirteen, I imagined that no human being could spend more time primping and preening than she, but she herself proved that I was wrong. At sixteen, she outdoes herself.

What amazes me, though, is the fact that although she spends some thirty hours a day before the mirror she still finds time to read a lending-library novel a day, see four double-feature movies bills a week, date an average of forty-seven privates and corporals and under-age boys a month, and spends lots of time wheedling money out of me so she can spend lots and lots of time shopping. My daughter, you see, has outgrown the fourth dimension and has invented the fifth dimension, in which time lasts twice as long as it actually does, if you understand what I mean. I don't myself.

I never pry into her private affairs, for curiosity on my part might make her aware of the fact that I'm mortal rather than immortal. Nevertheless, I am aware of some of her problems and puzzlings. She knows ten times as much about sex as I did at her age, and yet she never seems to have enough knowledge to satisfy her. I am convinced that there is nothing morbid or indecent about her delving into the mysteries of sex. I know she is a good girl so far as her own person is concerned. But there it is. Sometimes I inadvertently hear bits of her conversation with her girl friends. It's sex all the time. I imagine this sixteen-year-old obsession will pass shortly, as all of her various phases have passed.

And here I am and she calls me "Dad." Inside I don't feel much older than she is, but I'm an old geezer to her friends. I suppose I ought to act the part and tell her where to get off. I ought to be more strict with her. I should direct her comings and goings and guide her into the proper pathways toward the life she should eventually lead.

I should but I don't. I leave all that to her mother. It isn't quite fair to her mother, I know, but she doesn't seem to mind. In fact, she rather seems to relish the task. Personally, I prefer to remain a god, above and beyond such mundane matters.

Besides, more often than not I suspect that my daughter knows a whole lot more about right and wrong and good and bad than I do myself.

What I'm most afraid of, though, is that if I start that paternalistic stuff she'll stop calling me "Dad" and start calling me "Father."

I simply couldn't take that.

There are many things YOU can do after school hours to help speed our boys to VICTORY! Join the Nurses' Aid Corps . . . Junior A.W.V.S., and other organizations. It will help you! It will help your country! It will help bring back our boys just one day sooner!

To All Teen-Age Miss Americas: WIN $1000 in CASH PRIZES!

This is to remind you that the $1000 contest, as announced in November MISS AMERICA, is still on. Take advantage of this remarkable opportunity to win the following in CASH PRIZES:

$500 for the FIRST PRIZE
$250 for the SECOND PRIZE
and
$25 for the next 10 PRIZES

"TOMORROW'S WORLD" is the subject of the short composition you must submit, together with the coupon which appeared in the opening announcement. Only teen-aged girls are eligible to compete. Contest closing date is November 10, 1944. Address your entries to MISS AMERICA, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

SAID THE SPURTER TO THE MUMBLER

From page 44

First, let's see what makes the spurter spurt. It's because she cares too much! That is why she became so angry with the mumbler. She thought a little thing was more important than it was.

The spurter is nervous. She fidgets. She stands on first one foot and then the other. She holds her tongue, lips and jaw all as tight as can be. She talks in too high a voice and her words sound jerky. The spurter pushes some words out so hard that other words—or parts of words—get left out altogether.

On the other hand, the mumbler mumbles because she doesn't care enough.

Where are the mumbler's eyes when she talks? On the floor. How does the mumbler stand when she talks? All slouched down. How does she hold her tongue and lips? She doesn't hold them at all. She just lets them droop. But—and here is something very surprising—she holds her jaw as tightly as if she had lockjaw!

CURING THE MUMBLER

Are you a mumbler? If so, make your lips and tongue stronger so that you can use them.

To make your lips strong, say these sentences:

1. Pick many pumpkins.
2. Mary waits for the water to bubble.
3. The wire was wound round the wobbly wheel.
4. We went away for a big vacation.
5. Oo-oo-oo, I don't want to!

To make your tongue strong,

1. Pretend you are a cat, lapping milk. Run your tongue in and out quickly as possible. Get all of the milk out of the dish before the neighbor's cat gets there!
2. Make your tongue go round and round inside your mouth so that you can feel the pull at the back of your throat.
3. Try to touch your chin with the tip of your tongue; then try to touch the tip of your nose. Now do it faster and faster.
4. Say these sentences:

a. The rat ran over the ramp.

b. Tom Thumb twiddled his thumb.

c. Longer and longer, the water ran.

These sentences use sounds made by the tongue, just as the first list used sounds made by the lips to strengthen muscles.

Now, let your jaw move freely instead of holding it stiff. The best way to do this is to use the whole jaw, not just the front of it, for every syllable.

Finally, keep wide awake whenever you talk.

CURING THE SPURTER

If you are a spurter, slow down and keep calm. Try to keep your speech smooth instead of jerky. And don't leave out sounds!

Practice saying: la-la-la, keeping all sounds even.

Now: *la*-la-*la*, making the underlined sounds strong without leaving the other sound out or making it too weak.

Then: *la*-la-la, *la*-*la*-la-la-la, etc.

When you are speaking, make yourself say the first two or three words slowly. Look at the person to whom you are talking, smile,—and you will be all right!

So, if you are a mumbler or a spurter, get busy today to make yourself into such a clear speaker that no one will ever again say to you, "What did you say?"

JOIN THE SCRAP ★ PAPER DRIVE ★

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

From page 3

capers with a certain fellow who's supposed to be going with a certain girl????

* * *

Bonita Granville and Edmund O'Brien say it's love—maybe!

* * *

Jimmy Lydon who's outgrown the *Henry Aldrich* series—Darn!—is dating cute copperhead Noel Neill. "Henry Aldrich Plays Cupid" and "Henry Aldrich's Little Secret" are the last of those fast-paced campus cut-ups!

* * *

With Mickey Rooney in the Army, the *Andy Hardy* series over Metro way are shelved for the duration.

* * *

Bill Edwards who was dating Gail Russell, has discovered Olga San Juan. The seventeen-year-old beauty is a Porto Rican, born in Manhattan. She played the lead in the short, "Caribbean Cruise." Paramount has plans for her. So has Bill.

* * *

Virginia Weidler says it is the same thing everywhere, "Gosh, you've grown up." "What do people expect?" asks Miss W.

* * *

Gloria Jean has been queen of more rodeos this year, and she can't ride a horse. Better learn, Gloria.

* * *

Groucho Marx's daughter Miriam is a messenger girl at MGM.

* * *

Gloria de Haven is dating Dave Rose. (He once belonged exclusively to Judy Garland.)

* * *

Jim Jordan, son of Fibber McGee and Molly, took unto himself little red-head Carmel Bergstrom for a bride, and they kept the wedding secret for two months. Mates and paters of both knew, but what with Carmel just getting a break as one of the band-girls in "Out of This World", it was decided to delay the announcement.

* * *

Jeanne Crain was going steady

(*Continued on page* 48)

MISSING
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Are you the kind of gal who claws at a "friend," just to make conversation? Better try new strategy if you want to make friends and influence people.

Is this You?

By RITA DORN

WHOOPS! Get an earful of what guys think of gals—a certain type of gal . . .

WHO cares what boys think about girls? Girls do—practically all of them! If you're an exception, stop right here. Otherwise—continue! You may learn something you can put to good use at the next social scramble. MISS AMERICA has been conducting a sort of informal poll of male opinion. Here are the results:

In the first place, boys think about girls a lot. Oh, maybe not as much as girls think about boys, but plenty. *What* they think is both flattering and—sad to say—unflattering.

The main objection boys have to girls is that they're catty. Uh-huh. They don't like those barbs girls toss at other girls and also at boys. Maybe you've been thinking that those critical quips added spice to the conversation, upped your own stock. Sorry, boys disagree. Better draw in those claws, pad those remarks. Stop being a hit-and-rumor gal. Caterwauling doesn't sound any better on the school steps than it does on the back fence. None of us are perfect, but practically everybody has a couple of good points. Spotlight them instead of the flaws and you'll play a leading role with your particular heart-throb.

Boys don't like whisperers, either. Maybe the conversation is perfectly harmless, but boys suspect the worst. It makes them feel hot and itchy, especially if giggling glances are cast their way during the sotto session.

Bugle Annes are unanimously unpopular. If you have a voice like a boat whistle, tone it down. Boys are embarrassed to have girls speak so loudly strangers can hear every word. Better get the attention you want some smoother way.

Don't yelp hilariously at his new Xmas tie, flip it out, or muss his freshly slicked-down hair. (*Continued on page* 53)

CAREER-MINDED MINX

From page 17

In spite of being a career-minded minx, Janet never thought of pictures. She wanted to turn her triumphs on the stage. Her mother, Myra Sokalskaya, was a star in musical comedy in Russia, and later came to the United States, where her career was highly successful.

Janet, who was born in New York, would stand in the wings at her mother's concerts and listen. As a tiny cherub she made up her mind—"Some day I will go out there and sing! I, too, will be applauded."

One evening Janet took matters into her own hands. "I want to go out there on the stage with you, Mommy," she coaxed.

Mother only smiled and said, "Wait until someday when you grow up."

Janet thought about this, and the next day she told her mother, "If you don't let me go out on the stage with you—you are jealous. If you won't let me, I will run away from home."

Still Mother smiled, and Janet tearfully packed her tiny satchel. With four-year-old fortitude she put on her coat and hat and tried to reach for the tall doorknob to go out into the world and seek fame and fortune.

"My darling, I did not know you were so serious," Mother said. "Come back. Tomorrow night I will let you walk out on the stage with me."

For a joke Mother took Janet on the stage for a bow, and the applause was deafening. "I will sing for you," tiny Janet announced. The maestro lifted his baton, and the orchestra swung into her mother's folk song. This was meant to gracefully get Janet off the stage. Instead, her small childish voice rose in perfect tones and in perfect time. Her mother was amazed. Later, she asked, "How did you know that song? I have never taught it to you?" Janet responded by singing her mother's entire repertoire. "And I can sing them in six languages just like you, too," Janet essayed. From then on Janet appeared on the stage while her mother changed costumes. "Ladies and gentlemen," she'd say, "I will now sing the same songs in the same way as my mother. I will give you a good imitation of the great Myra Sokalskaya!"

Eventually Janet came to Hollywood. She and her only sister, Tanya, enrolled in the Marken school for professional stage children. Mary Lee, Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney and Jane Withers were of its alma mater. It seemed a likely omen.

In the interim, Janet studied at little theatres and she worked at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. She received an offer to go to Broadway to play in "The Talisman." But when her youthful age was discovered, the offer was revoked.

One night her mother dressed Janet to look like 19 or 20, and took her to an audition for "Meet the People" in Hollywood. Janet was immediately signed. But when her real age was discovered it was decided she was too young. However, an agent was interested and asked to take her to the studios.

"I only want to go on the stage," Janet said. "I really don't care about pictures." However, Janet was persuaded to go to Republic where she was given immediate screen tests. While the studio delayed in signing a contract, 20th-Century-Fox became interested and sent for her. The result: Janet had two studios vying for her contract!

"Hands Across the Border," with Roy Rogers was Janet's first picture. Then came the lead in "Call of the South Seas."

Guess who????

"I wept when I first saw myself on the screen. I thought I was so terrible. I wanted to crawl in a hole and just be miserable all day. Mr. Rogers and Mr. Yates, heads of Republic Pictures, both laughed and said, 'You don't look so bad. Cheer up, you are wonderful.'

"The first time I ever kissed a boy was when I kissed Allan Lane for the screen. I just about died, although I had been coached by the director as to how I must act. When the scene had to be taken over three times, I could feel myself blushing terribly. But Mr. Lane said it was quite nice."

Having a nice movie salary is very exciting, too, according to Janet.

"Now I can buy more War Bonds. I am hoping for a fur coat. I would like white fox, but mother thinks beaver is more practical. Some night when I go to a premiere, Mother and I will make it a real event! We have talked about it many times. She will twist pearls in my hair and I will have a white ermine jacket."

From present observation, it appears as though that time will not be far off. Janet is five-feet five and she weighs 110. She loves singing, goes to movies and can make super fudge—chocolate flavor. She has a Persian Angora gray cat named "Chi-jick" which has seven toes and had seven kittens each with seven toes.

"Dates can wait for a while, until I get my career safely launched," Janet smiled. Then, seriously, she said, "This may sound too personal, or even old-fashioned, but I have a feeling about a career. I believe that God gave me a career to make other people happy. If I am selfish and keep thinking it is just mine, it might be taken away from me. I feel this always when I sing and when I spend the long hours in rehearsal and practice. I want to be successful, and then I'll think of dates and fun."

IS THIS YOU?

From page 51

Any of those will silence your telephone for quite a while. Don't talk all the time. Boys like an appreciative audience sometimes. Silence is just as golden as it was in grandma's day. Of course, if the conversation shows signs of dying an unnatural death, it's up to you to get it going again. Do it with questions—well thought out and backed with genuine interest.

Looks? Boys don't like crooked stocking seams, slips showing, untidy hair. And try out those gaudier numbers first on long-suffering family and friends. Keep up with fashion, but don't gallop too far ahead or you'll leave the boy friend behind, too.

Don't be discouraged, though. Boys really like girls a lot. They like to be with them, talk and walk with them, laugh with them, tease them, dance with them, and take them along to the movies.

Boys like girls who are good sports, who like to skate, ski, swim and don't mind learning new games. Sometimes, they like to confide future ambitions if they're sure of being taken seriously. They like happy girls, natural girls, girls who stay *themselves.*

Well—briefly, that's the story. Don't try too hard, though. You can't please all the boys all the time. Probably the safest rule to follow is—be your best self. That ought to be good enough for any young man. What boys don't like about girls only fills *this* much space. What they do like—as you'll find out as time tears along—would fill a best seller!

SIGH-ENTIFIC STUDYING

From page 16

corner.

After I had greeted the gang inside, I told my pal, Amy Bell, about my new scientific system for studying history.

"Any good historian has dates on her mind," she began, as we slipped onto the two empty red stools at the counter.

"Are you kidding, Amy? There's a war on, y'know."

"Don't be a drip, Lindy. I don't mean those dates. Lookit—if you memorize a list of about twenty historical dates, you can use them on any exam. For instance, on an American History exam, you write about the Revolutionary War, in 1776, see?—which was brought about by the Boston Tea Party and—a double chocolate soda, here, please. Then in 1789, Washington took his oath, with—two straws. Of course, the greatest naval battle of the war took place in 1778, when John Paul Jones said—Gee, this really is luscious, isn't it? Do y'get the idea, Lindy?"

"Well, American History never tasted so good before," I had to admit.

But a true scientist lets nothing slip by unnoticed, so just before going to bed, I decided to incorporate these dates into my whole system.

Then, this morning, I reviewed the list, once more, in between mouthfuls of "Grapenuts," and now, I can truly say, a lasting contribution to Science has been—

"Lindy! Hey, Lindy, wait for me!"

The flying form of Spencer Lord interrupted my thoughts. As he came racing down the street, his face was an animated example of a casualty in my First Aid manual. Spence had shaved, again—for the third time in his life. Truthfully, he looks more natural unshaven, but, oh, that "Burma Shave" lotion smells so super divine!

"Hi, Lindy," he sounded sort of muffled through the wad of Band-aids over his mouth. "Sacramento, are we ever late! C'mon, we've got to—"

"Spence, Spence, wait'll y'hear about my super scientific method:—
Pass your exams. Be scientif! Use my method. It's terrif!"

"Okay, okay, but tell me later, Madame Curie. C'mon, now! Hang tight going round the curves!"

He offered me a large, tanned hand, and down the block and across the campus we whizzed. Creeps, are his fingers strong! (Bio I) Like a steam engine pulling its freight car behind, Spence galloped up the steps, two at a time, with me flying up after him. Breathlessly, we finally halted before Room 402, where Spence shoved the door open.

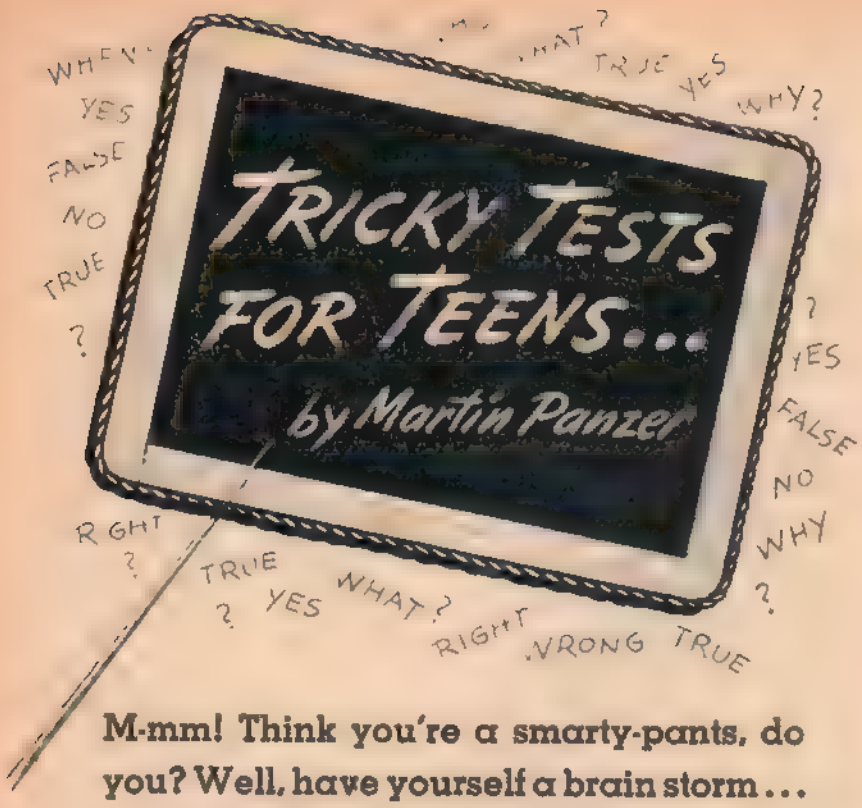
A sudden sickening feeling gripped me. My stomach was down somewhere underneath my toes, and my mouth as dry as the English book I was supposed to read for its hidden, deeper meaning.

Miss Pritchard nodded a silent greeting to me, and solemnly motioned to an empty seat. Holey moley, in the first row! I'd never pass my exam sitting *there!*

With a last helpless glance at Spence, who had turned strangely pale, I dragged my unwilling feet to the Seat, and waited for the straps to be fastened round me, and for the switch to be pulled. Instead, a red-haired, smiling girl breezed into the room, took a certain number of death notices from a curved stack over her arm, and, humming gaily, she slammed her way out again. Ah, Youth! To think that I, too, was young and happy, once!

There was one last thing I could do as I took my pen into my trembling, clammy fingers. It was time to abandon Science. Moistening my parched lips, I softly began to murmur: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want . . ."

Don't miss adorable Joyce Reynolds' story in the next issue of MISS AMERICA!



M-mm! Think you're a smarty-pants, do you? Well, have yourself a brain storm . . .

By MARTIN PANZER

ENGLISH

LAST MONTH we spoke of dangling participles. This month we take up another form of grammar torture—the split infinitive. Infinitives don't enjoy being split any more than bananas do.

A split infinitive is one in which an adverb or some other word or expression slyly slips in between the "to" and the verb to which it is married. "To kiss" is an infinitive. "To devotedly kiss" is a split infinitive. It's just as easy to say "To kiss devotedly" and certainly just as much fun to kiss that way; and if you do, you're doing what you ought to always do for infinitives. Oh, oh, there I go, too. Should've said "what you ought always to do for infinitives."

HISTORY

What's the capital of the United States? Right, Washington, D. C. What's "D. C."? Right, District of Columbia. How did Washington happen to become the capital and how did it get into the District of Columbia? Well? Oh, you're stuck, eh?

You know how cities and states are—always jealous of one another. All of them wanted to either be the capital or the state in which the capital was located. Oh, that split infinitive again. I mean "wanted to be either the capital or the state, etc."

In July, 1790, the argument was settled when Congress passed a bill creating the District of Columbia in a plot of land on the Potomac, ten square miles in area, which was presented to the Government by Virginia and Maryland. The District of Columbia isn't in any state at all.

GEOGRAPHY

Do you know your neighbors? You can't be a good neighbor unless you do. There are ten republics in South America: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Ecuador, Paraguay, Peru, Uruguay and Venezuela. In addition, there are the three Guianas — British, Dutch and French. The largest republic is Brazil, which has room enough to take in its Good Neighbor, the United States, for an overnight visit, with sufficient space left over to receive another state as large as Texas. Quite a roomy place, Brazil.

ART

Perhaps the greatest artist since Rembrandt was Whistler, who is noted for his portrait of his mother more than for any other of his masterpieces. You've heard of Whistler's "Mother," of course, and have undoubtedly seen reproductions of it on greeting cards and calendars.

Whistler's full name was James Abbott MacNeill Whistler and he was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1834. The official title of his "Mother" portrait is "Arrangement in Grey and Black." The original is (*Continued on page* 55)

TRICKY TESTS FOR TEENS

From page 54

owned by France. It took Whistler twenty years to sell it. Today it is priceless. Whistler died in 1903.

MUSIC

Do you get to your feet when the band plays "The Bombardment of Fort McHenry"? Yes, you do, for that was the original name of "The Star Spangled Banner."

The words of the national anthem were written by Francis Scott Key, a young lawyer, on the fourteenth of September, 1814. He was on board a British boat at the time, having come to the enemy with assurances of safety to plead for the release of a physician friend. The British had planned just before his arrival to attack Fort McHenry, the key to Baltimore, and they detained him to prevent his telling the Americans of the preparations. He saw the entire bombardment, and when the rising sun showed the American flag still flying, he wrote the words on the back of an old letter, to the tune of an ancient English drinking song: "To Anacreon in Heaven."

EXAM

Answer the following questions without looking at the lessons again and then mark your own papers. You're on the honor system here. Each correct answer gives you 10%. Passing mark 60%. Good, 80%. Higher, excellent. Make up your own questions and test your friends.

1. Which states gave the land for the District of Columbia?
2. What is the correct title of Whistler's portrait of his mother?
3. Who wrote the words of "The Star Spangled Banner"?
4. Name the ten South American republics.
5. What was Whistler's full name?
6. Which is the largest republic in South America?
7. Make up a sentence with a split infinitive and then correct it.
8. When did Congress create the District of Columbia?
9. What is an infinitive?
10. To what music were the words of the national anthem set?

THINKING IS BEING

From page 10

ally good student, but at the same time he was right enough, in a common sense sort of way, to know that his papa would be rather annoyed if he were to see another "zero" on his son's exam papers. Robert Lee may not have been very bright in some things, but in other things he was not exactly dumb.

And that was when he had called her beautiful.

He had walked over to Emmy's desk, all of him, the tweed jacket, the bow-tie, and the argyle socks. All of him walked right over to Emmy's desk, and said,

"Hey, gorgeous, how about the dumbest guy in the world getting a break from the cutest trick in the class?"

The blood rushed wildly to Emmy's face, and for a moment she was afraid to lift her eyes to his.

"How about it, beautiful?"

And then he turned around to the class, and winked, and said,

"Here's a chick that's beautiful *and* smart."

And all the girls giggled. But Emmy didn't care, for she knew they were jealous, because out of all the girls in the class, he had chosen her.

"What do you mean?" asked Emmy, in the smallest, proudest voice imaginable.

And then he slid right down in the same seat with her, and Emmy thought she would die with happiness.

"Look, lovely one," he said, "be a honey, and show me how I can get out of this algebra mess."

Oh, but Emmy was glad that she knew when to change the minus sign to plus, and the plus sign to minus, and how to find the unknown. And indeed she did find it! She found the X for Robert Lee Robertson in no time at all. Instead of thanking her, the way any ordinary boy might have done, he put his arm around her waist, squeezed her a little and whispered in her ear,

"Beautiful, you are out of this universe."

And that's just the way it happened. Simple, short, and absolutely, incredibly wonderful. Nothing mattered any

Here's a cute twosome you'll be seeing in Lester Cowan's dramatic film, "Tomorrow the World"—Skippy Homeier and Joan Carroll.

more. Not the teeth-straightening braces, not the straight, brown hair, not the fresh, ill-mannered boys who called her "skinny" when she walked by the candy store. Nothing, nothing, nothing. She was beautiful, now.

Emmy's mother was the first one to notice the new Emmy, for indeed the change was so great that one could scarcely believe that it was the same child. At three o'clock, she drank her milk and ovaltine without a murmur. Then, she practiced piano for an hour, starting with the scales, and going through all the finger-aching exercises. Not the way she usually did, starting with the pieces, and then hastily banging out a scale or two. But the most remarkable thing of all, was not the milk drinking, not the practicing. Not at all. The most remarkable thing was that Emmy looked different.

Why, even the face that looked back at her in the mirror was different. Happier, somehow, and alive. It kind of made Emmy scrub behind her ears a little harder, and brush her hair ten more strokes, and use the rotary motion on her teeth, because Emmy decided that if her face had really decided to be pretty, after all, there really was everything to gain by hurrying up the process. Emmy was actually beginning to feel beautiful, way down deep, inside.

And just so that she could complete this strange, unaccountable change that had come over her, Emmy did not even frown, or whine, or scowl unbecomingly when her mother said they were having company to dinner. Not even once did Emmy raise her voice in that accustomed howl. Instead, she put the napkins on the table, the place plates, and the glasses, and at six-thirty sharp she was in the dining room, with a blue ribbon in her hair, and a freshly scrubbed face.

The company sat opposite Emmy at the table, and the company was Mr. and Mrs. Tuttleton from White Plains. They hadn't seen Emmy in three years, at which time she had been very, very young. Emmy knew what that meant, and so did Emmy's mom and pop, and all three of them were just a little nervous.

Mr. Tuttleton began during the soup course, the war and politics having taken up all of the entree (which was fruit cocktail). Mom was hoping that nothing would happen during the main fish course, for even under the best of conditions, Emmy was difficult about fish. The dessert was lemon meringue, so it really didn't matter much if anything happened then. Emmy generally stuck, if it were lemon meringue. It came on with the soup.

"Well, little Emily," said Mr. Tuttleton. "Let me see now . . . the last time I saw you was . . ."

"Belmar, New Jersey. Summer of '41," Mrs. Tuttleton interrupted. Mrs. Tuttleton was a school teacher. A history teacher.

"Why, so it was," said Mr. T. "My, that was a long time ago. I bet you hardly remember. Do you, Emily? There you were, yes sir, the cutest, gosh-darned youngster, with a little pot-tummy, and that little red sunsuit you used to wear. You know it really didn't cover all of you!" That struck Mr. T. enormously funny, and he laughed loudly with an explosive red face, until Emmy said quietly,

"It was a green sunsuit, Uncle Harry."

Mr. Tuttleton stopped laughing, and looked hurt. "So it was," he said.

And then there was a great silence, but not as great as Emmy would have liked it to have been, for Mrs. Tuttleton was a schoolteacher, and she liked to talk.

"You know, Emily, my dear," she began, "I would never have recognized you. You got so tall, and thin. You know, it's amazing how quickly these youngsters spring up. Harry, who do you think the kiddy favors? Sam? Or Martha? Harry!"

Mr. Tuttleton had a bone stuck in his throat, and was too busy to answer at that moment.

"Harry," said Mrs. Tuttleton, stabbing Mr. T. with her elbow, "who do you think Emily looks like?"

Uncle Harry obligingly looked hard at Emmy's mother, and harder at her father. "Nobody," he grunted, going back to the business of getting the fish bone out of his throat.

"The nose, darling. Look at the nose!" insisted Mrs. T.

Emmy took her nose out of the plate so that the company could see it.

The Tuttletons looked disappointed. "Nope, that's her own nose," said Mr. T.

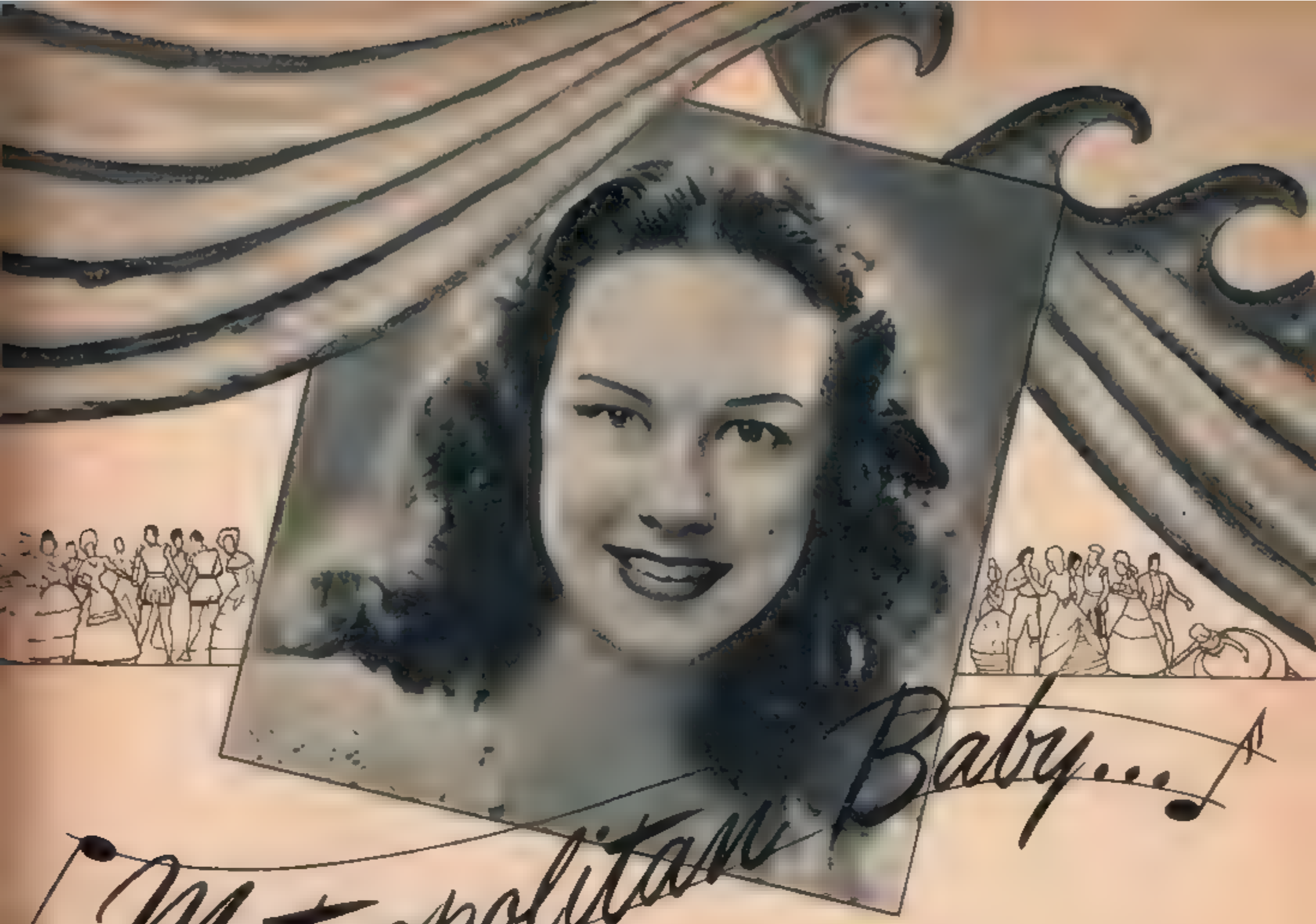
"You know," said Mrs. T. during the meringue, "Emmy doesn't look like anybody in this family. But nevertheless, Emmy is a mighty pretty girl."

At first Emmy could hardly believe her own ears. They hadn't said that she looked like Aunt Sarah, mousy, turned-down-mouth Aunt Sarah, they hadn't asked when the braces were coming off, they hadn't wondered why Emmy's hair was so straight and her mother's so curly, they hadn't said it was a shame that Emmy's nose didn't turn up the way her baby sister's nose did. Nope. They had just said that she didn't look like anybody else. They had just said that she was pretty. First, Robert Lee Robertson. Now, the Tuttletons.

Emmy didn't even remember going upstairs that night. She just floated up, the way beautiful heroines in the movies did. Emmy was so happy that night that she cried herself to sleep.

Which just proved that the only thing Emmy needed to be beautiful, was to think herself beautiful. And although Robert Lee Robertson never dreamed it, Emmy thanked him ever after for making her beautiful.

YOU'VE always wanted someone in whom you could confide, we know. Now, at long last, you have the opportunity to unburden your young heart by writing to Aunt Nina. Do tell her your problems. She can help you.



Metropolitan Baby...

This story sounds like a fairy tale, with a super-duper, colossal Hollywood ending . . . But it isn't . . . The "baby" we're talking about is a WOW . . . her name is Patrice Munsel.

By KAY SULLIVAN

SHE can do fancy whistling. She loves boogie-woogie. She used to be captain of her high school football team. She's 18, pretty as a perfume ad and a pushover for chocolate ice cream sodas. She's also a full-fledged Metropolitan Opera star, with a spectacular coloratura, a repertoire of ten difficult roles and a three-year contract with $120,000.

Sparkling, talented Patrice Munsel is sure that she's still dreaming when people point her out as the youngest of the Metropolitan's galaxy of singers.

"I guess it could only happen in America," she chuckles. "Here, if a boy wants to become president, he has every chance. And if a girl from Spokane, Washington, who likes to sing at parties, longs to perform for a Metropolitan Opera audience, she can do it. Look what happened to me!"

What happened to Patrice is indeed a strictly American fairy tale, with a super-duper, colossal Hollywood ending! Four years ago, Dr. Audley J. Munsel's little daughter was a typical high school youngster complete with sloppy Joe sweater, saddle shoes, bobby socks and all. No one, not even her doting mother who had been encouraging her to sing since she was able to lisp, suspected that a big-time career lay ahead. True, Patrice took tap-dancing, elocution and vocal lessons from Spokane teachers. And she belonged to a Little Theater group and stumbled out on her high school stage in one-line parts. But (*Continued on page 58*)

MISS DOLLY DIMPLES

From page 7

anyway. Not unless you count those handsome young air cadets, and the fact that she caught the wedding bouquet when her friend Mimi Chandler was married last June.

"I got half of it and Mona, (that's Mona Freeman, a contract player on the lot, and also one of Diana's best friends) took half. We don't know what will happen." Diana blushed the tiniest bit, then added, "You see, I don't have any steady dates. I am seventeen, and I think that is too young to be serious about boys. I don't think I would be capable of being a successful wife at my age. I've only been having dates since I was 15½, so I want to have lots of fun. And besides I am so busy at the studio."

That solves any reason for alarm you may have felt at the mention of Dolly's (yep, we call her Dolly, though it's Diana) heart attack!

"My real name is Dolores, but that doesn't suit me. It doesn't go with me," Dolly explained. "A girl has to be exotic to match a name like that. So the family called me Dolly, and everyone here on the lot has called me Dolly since I was thirteen and was put under contract. I came over to accompany a girl violinist for an audition for 'There's Magic in Music,'" Dolly added. "I never dreamed of going into pictures."

It's rather well-known that Diana's appearance at the studio simply enchanted the talent and beauty department. She was asked to take a part in the picture, playing a solo. In fact, a concerto, and she played it so beautifully that she was given a big speaking part in Susanna Foster's epic. And then came the long term contract.

"I used to practice hours and hours every day on the piano," Diana said. "I find myself missing it, honestly."

There are two concert grand pianos at Diana's house, and she's been playing since she was old enough to reach a keyboard. Born in Los Angeles, Diana's father is an oil company executive and her mother is a well-known piano teacher. Dolly's mother would have preferred to see her continue her brilliant musical career, but she left that up to Dolly. And Dolly chose movies.

Dolly became a student at the Paramount school, right on the lot. Susanna Foster was a school chum, and it was Susanna who raved about Diana. When the two went on a nation-wide tour in advance of "There's Magic in Music," Susanna turned every press interview into a discussion of young Diana Lynn.

"I had never been on a train. It was very exciting," Diana remarked. "We toured thirty cities and visited the deep South. It was wonderful.

"When I returned I found Mother and Father in the midst of plans for the building of our new home. I was so in love with those big colonial mansions in the South, that I became very enthusiastic in helping with the plans. Our home turned out to be a real Southern colonial house."

Being an only child, Dolly has half of the upstairs. There's her bedroom, dressing room, bath, and a musical study, with a white piano. Just like a doll house, frills, and lace and ribbons and bows.

As for hobbies, Dolly loves to dance. Prefers sweet music to jitterbug. Goes to the Palladium to hear the big name bands. She likes the beach, and will take the roller coaster, the twirler and the double dipper, if she's on a double date. She plays a fair game of badminton and collects miniature china animals.

Dolly—or Diana's new picture is "Out Of This World" with Eddie Bracken. And Diana certainly lives up to that title. That, and Miss Dolly Dimples. Yes, she has dimples when she smiles, as if you didn't know!

METROPOLITAN BABY

From page 57

performing in public didn't interest her. More than anything she liked to swim, ride and play badminton with her classmates. And she counted the day lost when she didn't have a soda at the corner drugstore with Bob Porter, Spokane High's best-looking football star.

Then, suddenly, everything changed. It all began when a New York music authority heard her singing at a small social gathering. The teacher was enthusiastic about Patrice's clear, sweet voice and persuaded her parents to bring her to New York for serious study. In Manhattan, William Herman, a noted voice instructor, was so impressed with the 14-year-old's possibilities that he gave her a $1,000 scholarship. Then after three years of concentrated study, Patrice tried her vocal wings in the 1942 Metropolitan Auditions of the Air. Chosen for the finals from among 600 contestants, most of whom had professional experience, the ex-high school freshman sang her favorite aria—"Lucia di Lammermoor," and captured first prize—a silver plaque, $1,000, and a contract with the Met.

Now her future looks as radiant as her ready smile. The Metropolitan management regards Patrice as one of their brightest and most valuable prospects. Brightest because she is young and truly beautiful, with definite stage presence and acting ability. Valuable because they have long needed another coloratura. Since Lily Pons made her Met debut in 1930, she has handled the opera's entire bravura repertory, a feat which she cannot continue indefinitely. The Metropolitan is depending on Pat to give Lily a well-earned respite

Without the least intention of being corny, Patrice likes to insist: "I owe everything to Mother, you know. I never could have won that contract without her; she's the one who really deserves the praise."

Eunice Munsel has been her daughter's constant companion since their arrival in New York.

Dr. Munsel, a prominent Spokane dentist, could not leave his practice to come East. But he and his wife wanted Patrice to have every chance to develop her talent. So Mrs. Munsel cheerfully traded her suburban home for a Manhattan hotel apartment, her neighborhood get-togethers for interminable practice sessions with Pat. Dr. Munsel has been East three times in three years but he and his wife correspond daily—long, fat letters about Pat and her progress.

Pat made her first appearance on the cavernous stage of the Met in December, 1943. Rubbing a good luck ring lent her by Lily Pons, she sang the role of Philene in "Mignon," which provided her the house-bringing-down aria—"Je suis Titania."

Pat has radio and concert appearances for the next three years, guaranteeing her a minimum of $120,000 for that time. Three motion picture studios have offered Pat screen tests, and Fred Allen and a South American concert manager both waved contracts at her to no avail. Mother and daughter Munsel thought it better to "stick to opera" because that's what Patrice loves most of all!

Besides her appearance at the Metropolitan, Patrice has sung in Cleveland under Met auspices and has given two professional concerts in Spokane, one for the Red Cross, another for servicemen at Geiger Field. The rest of her time has been devoted to constant training and practise. Day after day she fills the corridors of New York's Hotel Ansonia with melody, recites poetry in French, Italian and German.

Success hasn't turned Patrice's gleaming, brown-haired head one bit. She is still as natural and unspoiled as she was in Spokane when she hummed popular songs on the porch swing. Her heart hasn't done any turning either. Her one and only is still Bob Porter (also 18) who is now a pilot with the Army Air Forces. They are not engaged, but Pat dimples prettily when she speaks of "post-war plans."

When asked what she intends to do with her wealth, she quickly answers: "I hope to be able to buy a home in Florida for my mother and dad. They've been so wonderful to me that I want to do something for them in return. I'd like to see them in a comfortable little house, with lots of flowers and sunshine around them . . ."

Asked what her personal ambitions are, she'll look at you very seriously out of her wide brown eyes, flash her wide, warm smile.

"Why—I don't know exactly. I guess I'm just like every other girl. I want a home and a husband and children of my own. I want to lead an entirely normal life always."

No matter from what angle you consider Pat and her career —from orchestra seat or balcony —she remains just a typical, normal American girl—a girl who loves pickled herrings with an onion and apple sliced on top, who "adores" Ella Fitzgerald and big finger rings, who sews her own dresses (size 12) and can bake a smooth cake. She's so normal, it hurts. And even if she is Metropolitan's baby, and can sing a C above high C, she'll never be anything else.

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

From page 5

do."

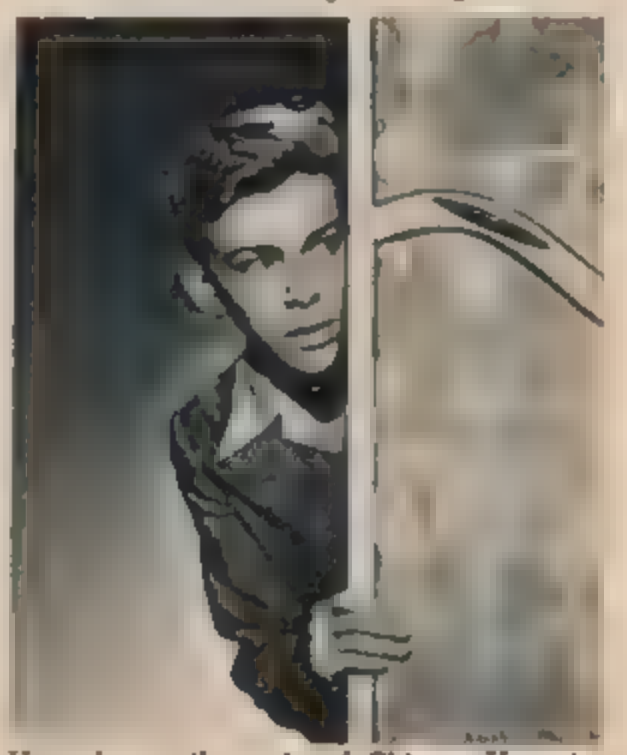
It was, Eileen saw, time to return to their original subject of discussion. Paul hid his innate shyness under a fine scorn for those who could make pretty speeches, and Eileen hated a fuss of any kind. "I'll tell you," she said. "Let's take a nice walk Saturday morning, shall we?"

"Splendid!" Paul's charming smile lit up his thin, sun-bronzed face. "We'll ferry over to Sanibel Island and walk there. I want to have a look at those sea shells I've heard so much about . . ."

Sanibel Island! Hot, treeless sand, miles and miles of it. "Well, I asked for it," Eileen told herself grimly. "I'll have to borrow Sukey's wedgies."

Eileen wished now, this Friday evening, that she had taken the trouble to buy herself a pair of flat-soled shoes, for Sukey, when Eileen broached the matter of the loan, expressed the loud and utterly frank disapproval of the twelve-year-old for the whole project.

"Who does your precious Paul think he is, anyway?" she wanted to know. "*Telling* you where you'll walk, instead of asking you where *you'd* like to go? And Sanibel, of all places! You know right well, Eileen, that you don't care a whoop about those poky old shells."



Here is another pix of Skippy Homeier of "Tomorrow the World" cast. We just know the girls are going to be wild about Skippy. What an actor he is!

"Certainly, I don't," Eileen agreed. "But Paul has his heart set on finding a lion's paw."

"Tourist stuff!" Sukey scoffed. "Eileen," she added in a lower tone, "I just can't understand you. Shells! Haven't we been bored enough with Daddy's collection? Remember learning all the Latin names . . . discobolus this, very-bilious that . . . ?"

"Variabilis, I think," Eileen murmured.

"Well, whatever," Sukey dismissed that point. "The fact remains that you're letting Paul Paige make a perfect *nonentity* of you!"

"Look out, small fry," Eileen warned. But Sukey was not

(*Continued on page* 63)

Dress Best...

How'd you do with your clothes quiz on page 11? Think you can rate as an expert? The moral of this pix quiz, of course, is to match your clothes with what you never your legs.

1

2

3

4

5

6

1 Sweetheart neckline from "Teen-Dress" that puts shoulder A's for sweetness. Allwool plaid shirt about $5; checked wrinkle skirt $5; leather jacket about $15; Long-line jacket, about $8. Sizes 10-18.

2 Off to the game in this dress-suit by Sansbury. It's a gray-wool box-pleat with double-breasted hang-coat. About $25. Dacron ruff and matching hose-sling bag from Sassy Fashions...Inc. $5 each.

3 [illegible] Long Lanky Lassy will go about $5 [illegible] by Anne "Teen-Dress" classic, in solid rubbery about 10-16. About $11. Here's a "Teen-Dress" [illegible] wool and [illegible] about $5.

4 P.J.'s with a purpose. These are by Anne Fogarty of rayon broadcloth. And guess what—the pants play up, thanks to clever little suspenders! You'll be glad to know they can be yours for about $4.95.

5 The long and the short of it. Here design "Teen-Dress" by Gainor. Pocket-pockets, long-sleeves—call them what you will, they're perfect for hiking 'n' biking. Sizes 12-20. About $8. The plaid cotton shirt about $6.

6 Something for the boys: a Devonshire Weave-cloth jumper in aqua rayon. Decidedly date-able because of its dress-up velvet-piped neckline. Sizes 9-15. Under $10. It's a Judy Kent's blouse. About $6.50

Miss America

FOR GIRLS ONLY!

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

Do accept Nina (Aunt Nina, to you) Wilcox Putnam's invitation and tell her all about yourself and your problems. We are very lucky indeed to have Aunt Nina, America's foremost novelist and playwright, on our Editorial Board. Take Advantage of her wisdom, her vast experience and let her help you to a more wonderful life . . .

WELL, girls, here we are again! Your Aunt Nina with a friendly talk, a few jokes and some inside stuff on what makes the feminine side of the JUNIOR SET click successfully.

This time there will be no answers to the letters I hope you have written me because the powers that be, meaning ye editor-in-chief, set me to writing this before the first issue of MISS AMERICA was on the newsstands. So your letters, as you can well imagine, have not yet had a chance to reach me. By next month I will begin firing the answers back at you—but fast. And meanwhile keep writing to me. Tell me what you'd like to hear. I'll be ready with advice on anything from love to lipstick. Just say what you'd like to know and I'll try most sincerely to find the right answer.

Remember, if it is a confidential question it will remain a secret between us two. If it is something you would like to pass on to other girls, I'll mention it in this department. It is always good to hear what you girls have learned from your own experiences and I'll be glad to spread your good news. Wasn't it Thoreau, the great American philosopher of the Hoop-Skirt-and-Pantalette period, who said the younger generation always brings new information about the good ways of living to their elders?

Come on, my chickadees, give out! Just don't forget I'm here to answer not only emotional questions, but practical questions on beauty problems, on your boy troubles, on fashions, beside any troubles you may have with your families and which you feel you can't talk out with them, but will not, I hope, be afraid to discuss with me. I am here to try and help you to be prettier, to be happier, to be a success. Don't be shy—WRITE! You'll get a reply which will come straight from my heart. For I love you personally, just because you are a girl. So I'll be waiting to hear from you. You won't disappoint me? Thanks a bushel!

Yours affectionately,
Aunt Nina.

Heavenly Twins Fashion Note! A few days ago, in the Grand Central Station, New York, I was (*Continued on page* 64)

- (*Continued from page 59*)
daunted.

"Oh, splotch!" she said. "Don't big-sister me. I think Paul's attractive, all right, and I realize that he doesn't know a thing about American girls because he never met any before his father came over on that big war job of his in Washington. But that doesn't excuse his growling and glaring at every other boy that even smiles at you."

Paul's remarkably outspoken "You look very pretty this morning, old girl," fortified Eileen's resolution on that glassily hot Saturday. And as they crossed the inlet on the ferry boat, with the sea-wind blowing her dark hair in soft fans across her eyes, Eileen voiced the resentment she felt.

Paul listened without interrupting, taking his lecture with the Englishman's appreciation of fair play. "I dare say I have acted like a proper donkey," he conceded. "But I give you my word you shan't have to complain of my temper again. Because," he faltered, "I do like you awfully, Eileen."

After that, Eileen would have walked over red-hot ploughshares for him.

And that, practically, was what she soon found herself doing. For the glittering sands of Sanibel had baked in the strong sun for hours before they reached the island. "See that lighthouse?" Paul pointed. "It's a good mile off, I should judge. Let's walk there and back, and then, if you feel like resting a bit, I'll look for shells."

Eileen was ready to rest long before they reached the lighthouse, and the return walk was, for her, merely a grim endurance test. But she set her teeth and said nothing, though the borrowed sandals seemed lined with emery paper, and her face, even under the broad brim of her shade hat, was positively steaming. It was only when Paul, handing her his checked tweed jacket for safe-keeping, had left her, that Eileen voiced her real feelings.

"'If this is romance,'" she quoted bitterly, "'I'll take vanilla!'"

But then, watching Paul's thin and all-too-energetic figure as he strode away around a fishing pier, she murmured, "Any other boy I know would still be drooping around and terribly sorry for himself after that bout with the flu." And her gaze was compassionate.

There was a patch of shade below an overhanging bank fringed with waving sedge grass. Eileen dug her way to it through the sand, laid Paul's jacket in the coolest spot and sank down gratefully upon it. She threw off her hat, ran her fingers through her damply clinging hair, and leaned back, eyes closed, in absolute contentment.

Her moment of comfort was short-lived. There was a flurry on the bank behind her, and a small avalanche of sand was dashed grittily over Eileen's head . . . hot, earthy grass roots blinded her hastily opened eyes. Before she could rise or turn, a lively young cocker spaniel jumped down to the beach and threw himself joyously into her lap.

"Oh!" Eileen gasped, struggling, as a moist pink tongue swept her cheek, "Oh, dear!"

"Toughy! You bad dog!" a man's voice cried, and added, "I'm terribly sorry. He broke away from me. Wait, I'll get him." Feet landed in the sand, the dog was lifted from Eileen's knees, and his owner was brushing the sand from her eyes. "There," he said. "Is that better?"

"Oh, yes," Eileen smiled. "No harm done." The man was tall, she noted, and good-looking, in a flashy way. . . .

"And here's your bag," he said. "But, just a minute. There's a paw-mark on that pretty dress. Stand up and let me brush it off."

"Never mind," Eileen said, resenting the man's officious manner. "It's only calico. . . ."

"But I insist!" Strong hands swung her quickly to her feet, turned her to face the bank. "Now," the stranger said, releasing her, "here's your coat." He laid the tweed jacket over Eileen's arm. "Drat that dog!" he cried. "He's making for the highway. I'll have to go after him. . . ." And leaped up the bank, running with surprising speed.

Shirley Temple doesn't waste a minute between scenes of Vanguard's "I'll Be Seeing You." The adorable star catches up on her fan mail while hairdresser Cleo Jones fixes the famous Temple curls in place.

"Good gracious," Eileen thought, "suppose Paul had seen me with that man's arm around me!" And turned to see Paul, shouting with rage, in swift pursuit of the older man. The stranger, overtaken, lunged at Paul and the two clinched and fell to the ground, a whirling melee of arms and legs.

Bewildered, humiliated, Eileen buried her face in her hands. "After all," she told herself desperately, "I can explain to the judge that it was all a misunderstanding." She saw herself cowering miserably on the witness stand. . . .

A clamor of shouting voices made Eileen dash the angry tears from her eyes. The voices were cheering . . . men were slapping Paul on the back! What in the world . . . ?

Bob Andrews, trimly uniformed, came running over to her. "Golly, Eileen," he grinned, "that Johnny Bull of yours is a one-man commando! Did you see him tackle that thief?"

"Thief? Are you crazy, Bob?"

"No kidding. That's Sam the Dip, up to his old tricks. He trains his dog to blind some solitary girl with sand, then, while she's still gasping, he rifles her pocketbook and dashes after the dog. He would have made his getaway this time, but Paige was too quick for him. Here he is now. Holy cow, what a shiner!"

Paul's right eye, swiftly purpling, was half-closed; his white sports shirt was torn and grimy, but he was grinning cheerfully. "Yes," he panted, "that blighter packed quite a wallop, as you chaps say. But I managed to hang on till the relief arrived. I say, old girl, buck up!" For Eileen, overcome by her revulsion of feeling, was sniffling happily.

"Oh, Paul," she began, "I thought you . . ."

Paul winked his good eye. "I did," he admitted, "when I first sighted you. But I stopped, and . . . counted ten. Then I saw the chap dip his hand in all the pockets of my jacket, and knew what he was up to. So, tally-ho, I made for him! My wallet was in one of those pockets, you see."

"My bag!" Eileen gasped, and opened it. "I had two ten-dollar bills in here, and they're gone, too."

"No fear," Paul assured her, slapping his hip pocket. "I've got 'em. Oh, I say . . ." he searched his shirt pocket and smiled beatifically. "No, it's still here. Look!" He held out a rounded, red-brown shell proudly. "The only lion's paw found on the beach today!"

"I give up," Eileen thought. Funny, conceited, peppery Paul! From now on, he was going to be good enough for her, just as he was. . . .

FOR GIRLS ONLY

From page 82

standing in one of those long lines which form in front of every railroad ticket window these days, when I heard a familiar masculine voice behind me. I turned, and there, as I had guessed, was my old friend John Boles, handsome star of the Broadway hit, "One Touch Of Venus," and famous leading man in many a movie. John is even better looking and younger looking off-stage than on.

After an affectionate exchange of greetings I realized that the lovely young number with him was his daughter, whom I had not seen since she had begun blossoming into womanhood. John was buying her ticket back to *Glamourland*—meaning Hollywood—after a visit with him and her mother in New York. Well, the thing which impressed me most about her appearance was the twin sweater set she had on. A lot has been said against sweaters, but these current criticisms did not apply in her case. Not only were the twins superbly blended, but it was the way she wore them which made them at once smart and suitable. There was no tight pulling down over the bust, no sloppy roll about the waist. The coloring, a soft dusty rose pull-over with a deeper, almost brown cardigan. The subdued tones were not only charming but would not soil easily.

Nothing is more disgusting than a sloppy or a too tight sweater. A bright colored sweater may be lots of fun when it is new, but unless you can afford enough of them to be spotless, get your new SCHOOL TWINS in Autumn leaf coloring.

* * *

Way to a man's heart—short cut! For the gang who likes spaghetti, or even for those who think they don't, try opening a few cans of spaghetti in tomato sauce. Place heavy iron skillet on a low fire and put in one-half tablespoonful of butter to each can used. Add one-half small onion mashed to a pulp, and a small bud of garlic sliced paper thin, and tenderize, but do not brown. Dump the spaghetti in on top of this. Salt and pepper to taste, then add one-half teaspoonful of whole celery seed and stir thoroughly, cooking until the tomato sauce is almost dry. Serve piping hot. Russian rye bread sandwiches, filled with rocca spread and a lettuce salad with French dressing make this a sophisticated snack they will talk about. A can serves two.

* * *

Hair do's and hair don't's! A girl's hair is her crowning glory, but sometimes it's a reason why she should be crowned, period. An enormous long bob that hangs all over the shoulders is not always the beau-catcher its owner thinks it is. Jane Cowl found that out at the Stage Door Canteen where I work in my spare time. She insists every one in the kitchen must wear a hair net and we have learned to make them glamorous. Try a yard and a half of colored tulle or veiling to match your dress, gathered loosely and softly over all your hair. Drape it so as not to conceal your hair and gather the thick ends into a bow-knot on top.

* * *

Self-help department. The one place you can be sure of finding someone to help you, is by looking in the mirror.

From page 9

parted in mutual suspicion, and I continued on my unhappy way. Every step I took made my heart leap harder. How I wished I hadn't let Linda smooth-talk me into this!

I groped for the Channing doorbell. I hoped desperately that no one would hear it, so I could creep away.

But almost immediately, Mrs. Channing, in a long evening dress and mink wrap, opened the door.

She gave me a friendly smile. "You're Jill Langworthy?"

I admitted it hoarsely.

"I'm so glad you could come and stay with dear little Jasper."

"I'm not glad."

I jumped. Had I said that—spoken my thoughts aloud? What on earth would Mrs. Channing think of me? Then, with real relief, I realized that the voice had come from somewhere near a potted palm in the entrance.

"Why, Jasper," said Mrs. Channing mildly.

Jasper emerged from the foliage. He was a sturdy little boy about seven, in striped blazer and short suspender pants. He had touseled dark hair, round hazel eyes, and a long smudge on one cheek.

"I want to go to the symphony and hear Wagner," he said.

Mrs. Channing smiled at him winningly. "The symphony lasts too late, Jasper dear. You know you're here to get a lot of sleep and have a good rest."

"Phooey," said Jasper.

Mrs. Channing gave me instructions, then the door clicked shut behind her. I was alone with Jasper.

He looked at me—that is, he didn't exactly just look. He took inventory. Hands sunk deep in pockets, he circled me slowly.

"H-hello, Jasper," I said quaveringly.

He gave me a strange look from those round hazel eyes and wandered over to the bookcase, whistling. I hurried after him. I'd heard somewhere that children like to tear up books.

"Look, Jasper," I suggested, "would you like me to tell you a nice story?"

"No," he said.

"But I know a simply wonderful story. Come on, let's sit down here on the davenport."

He shrugged, sat down beside me, plump legs dangling. Again he examined me thoroughly with those remarkable eyes. He's not very big, I told myself reassuringly. Just a little boy. Nobody to be afraid of.

"Well," he said, "go ahead."

My mind fogged. My spine went frigid. What on earth could I tell him?

"Well," I faltered, "once there was a beautiful little girl named Goldilocks—"

Jasper slid off the davenport. "Please," he said, "not that."

I swallowed. "You—you know the story?"

"Who doesn't?"

"Would you like to listen to the radio?" I asked frantically. "Maybe we can get Uncle Wiggly or some quiz show."

Jasper shook his head. "Uh-uh. I came here to get away from all that."

He sauntered over to the bookcase and, before I could stop him, took down a copy of Virgil. I rushed over to snatch it away.

"I don't think Mrs. Channing would want you to have that! It's a very expensive looking book and—"

"It's a rare edition," he informed me. "She said I could read it."

He strolled over and sat down on a stool before the fireplace. I watched him apprehensively, expecting him to throw the book away any minute. But instead the little monkey pretended to be reading it. He even turned the pages at regular intervals. It was the most realistic imitation I ever saw.

To show him I wasn't the least bit concerned, I opened my Math book which I'd hoped to study after Jasper was safely in bed. Soon I was deeply involved with X and Y. I was trying to figure out whether X would beat Y to the railroad crossing, when the clock bonged.

Nine o'clock!

"Bedtime, Jasper," I said persuasively.

I was prepared for a last ditch stand, but to my surprise this strange child closed the book, arose and replaced the volume in the bookcase.

"'Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,'" he said, yawning.

By the time I got upstairs he was already in bed, covers pulled up to his chin. He grinned impishly.

"Anything you want, Jasper?" I asked. "A—a drink of water?"

"Had one," he said.

I was glad to get out of it so easily. "Goodnight, then."

Jasper rolled his eyes impishly. "'Parting'", he said "'is such sweet sorrow that I shall say goodnight till it be morrow.'"

I certainly hoped he wouldn't. "Better get right to sleep now," I urged, retreating hastily toward the door.

He reared up suddenly on one elbow. "I want to ask you something."

I gulped. "Well—"

"Do you think Shakespeare wrote his plays?"

"Of course," I said vaguely.

"So do I!" He shouted that out so loudly, I jumped.

It seemed to me he looked at me more approvingly before I switched out the light and closed the door. With a sigh of relief I staggered downstairs to Math. But somehow I felt all unnerved. I kept thinking about the cocksure way Columbia always came into Math class now, and how she'd stuck up her nose at the idea of a teen town, and refused to join the Youth Service Club. I just had to win that prize!

THE NEXT day at school I was telling Linda about Jasper. It was just before Math class and, uninvited, Columbia Boggs stopped to listen, too.

"Jasper," she said interestedly, "the Channings' grandnephew?"

"Yes," I said, "know him?"

Columbia lowered her eyes. A queer expression touched her mouth. "I think I've heard of him," she said. "What a time you must be having looking

after *him.*"

Something in the way she said it made me mad. "Jasper is a charming little boy," I said hotly.

"Mm," said Columbia. "Naturally, *you* think so."

On the daily test, Columbia managed to get a higher mark that I did, and did she brag about it! For me, it was a day of total defeat. Even little Jasper, before he went to bed that night, beat me at chess, anagrams and two-handed bridge. I couldn't understand it, because I've always been considered good at games.

Then, when I was tucking him in, Jasper asked me solemnly what I thought of Einstein's theory of relativity. I couldn't tell him I hadn't the faintest idea about it, so I bluffed.

"Relatives," I said thoughtfully, "are all very well in their place, but when they come and stay too long and use up your sugar and meat points, then I certainly agree with—ah—Mr. *Feinstein.*"

That seemed to please him. He howled gleefully. "I like you, Jill," he said. "You're fun."

I didn't feel fun. I felt plenty drab. Between Jasper and Columbia, I was on pins and needles night and day. The only thing that kept me from telling Mrs. Channing to please get someone else to look after her grand-nephew was the thought of the teen town. I could contribute the money I was earning to the fund. Also there was the possibility of getting the Channings interested in the club. I determined to carry on though it killed me, which I felt was quite likely.

But three days before the big final Math test, Mrs. Channing called up to tell me another girl had offered to mind Jasper—for nothing.

"Just for the privilege of being with him," she said.

My first reaction was relief—now I could really get some heavy studying done. But that last remark aroused my curiosity.

"Who?" I asked, trying to think who might be feebleminded in our school.

"Columbia Boggs."

I hung up the receiver in bewilderment. Columbia! I just couldn't put two and two together and get four. Columbia liked boys, yes—but older. The odd part of it was that I felt—well, sort of sad about not seeing Jasper any more. I had sort of acquired a taste for him, I realized, like with oysters and olives.

The telephone rang again, jangling my brain. It was Linda Taylor.

"Jill," she said excitedly, "you know Jasper—"

"Yes," I said dejectedly, "Mrs. Channing just called me about Columbia."

"Columbia. What about her?"

"Didn't you know? She's suddenly changed her spots and offered to mind Jasper free! Do you suppose she just wanted to keep me from having the job, or what?"

"Or what!" said Linda. "So Columbia read the article in the paper too."

"What article?"

"Jill, you mean you don't know yet who Jasper really is?"

My head ached. "Why, he's Mrs. Channing's nephew, isn't he?" I really wasn't sure of anything.

"He's Jasper Saunders," she said. "The child prodigy. The boy genius. I.Q. 180 or so. I just read about him in the paper. It must be all over town by now. He can read Latin, Greek, and French and is whizzing through analytical geometry and trigonometry."

"Linda!" I cried hoarsely. "He's a Math shark? You mean—?"

"He's here to rest up between radio appearances on that quiz show. They were keeping it quiet so he wouldn't be bothered by reporters, but the news leaked out somehow."

I groaned. I thought I knew where the leak was. No wonder Columbia had been so eager to mind Jasper. I simply crawled back to my room, buried my face in my pillow, and called myself names. I could see Columbia and Jasper with their heads together, poring over figures. No doubt now about who would win the Math prize.

I couldn't eat any supper, not even mince pie. I was slogging along hopelessly at Math when the phone rang—again.

To my amazement, Columbia Boggs' voice shrilled over the wire.

"Jill," she gasped, "can you come right over?" I'm at the Channings and—and I simply can't handle Jasper. How'd you ever do it? He's—oh, Jasper, don't!" She gave a blood-curdling shriek and dropped the phone.

It was the first time I'd ever known Columbia to lose her self-confidence. I had half a notion to let her suffer, but curiosity got the better of me, and I finally went over.

Jasper was in the middle of the Channing living room, throwing things, yelling, a perfect nightmare of a small boy. He wouldn't let Columbia take even two steps toward him. But, to my surprise, he flung himself at me so affectionately that I was touched.

"Why, Jasper," I murmured soothingly, "what's the matter?"

Jasper pointed accusingly at Columbia, barricaded behind the davenport. She paled and dropped out of sight.

"She—she said Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays," he wailed, chin trembling.

"Why," I said, "everybody knows Shakespeare wrote them. His name is right on them."

Columbia sneaked out the side door while I calmed Jasper. That accomplished, I introduced the subject of Math very tactfully.

"Algebra," he said. "That's duck soup."

For him, it was. We settled down to it. After I'd explained the situation, he was eager to help me beat Columbia.

I'll never forget that perfect day I won the prize, fifty dollars which I contributed to the teen town club, which was having its gala opening that evening. Jasper had interested the Channings, and they gave us a hall, rent free. And how everyone applauded our master of ceremonies—yes, Jasper himself!

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